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DOCTOR WHO

IN-VISION

SEASON 19 OVERVIEW

THE MAKING OF A TELEVISION DRAMA SERIES

CMS

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This season overview covers an unusually long time in the history of Doctor Who: the period between the transmission of Logopolis and late 1982. During this time the first new Doctor in seven years made his mark, his predecessors returned to the screen, and Kit Pedler, the creator of the Cybermen, passed away.

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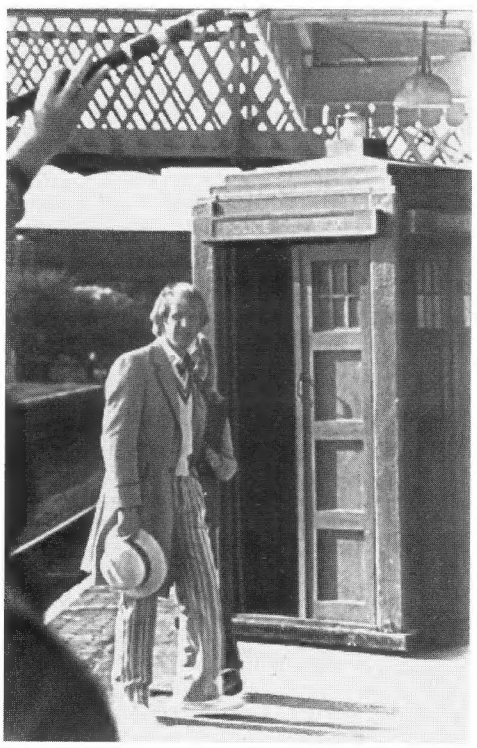
The One

Steven Moffat, author of the BAFTA and Montreux Award-winning series PRESS GANG and JOKING APART, recalls how Peter Davison brought a new quality to the role of the Doctor — and almost saved a twenty-something fan from embarrassment in the process...

BACK when I was in my early twenties, I thought **Doctor Who** was the scariest programme on television. I had one particular **Who**-inspired nightmare which haunts me to this day — except it wasn't a nightmare at all, it was something that happened to me on a regular basis. I'd be sitting watching **Doctor Who** on a Saturday, absolutely as normal... but I'd be in the company of my friends!!

Being a fan is an odd thing, isn't it? I was in little doubt — though I never admitted it, even to myself — that **Doctor Who** was nowhere near as good as it should have been, but for whatever reason I'd made that mysterious and deadly emotional connection with the show that transforms you into a fan and like a psychotically devoted supporter of a floundering football club, I turned out every Saturday in my scarf, grimly hoping the production team would finally score.

Of course my friends all knew my devotion to the Doctor had unaccountably survived puberty and had long since ceased to deride me for it. I think (I hope) they generally considered me someone of reasonable taste and intelligence and decided to indulge me in this one, stunningly eccentric lapse. And sometimes, on those distant Saturday afternoons before domestic video my nightmare would begin. I'd be stuck out somewhere with those friends and I'd realise in a moment of sweaty panic that I wasn't going to make it home in time for the programme — or worse, they'd be round at my house not taking the hint to leave — so on my infantile insistence we'd all troop to the nearest television and settle down to watch, me clammy with embarrassment at what was to come, my friends tolerant, amused and even open-minded.



And the music would start. And I'd grip the arms of my chair. And I'd pray! Just this once, I begged, make it good. Not great, not fantastic — just good. Don't, I was really saying, show me up.

And sometimes it would start really quite well. There might even be a passable effects shot (there were more of those than you might imagine) and possibly a decent establishing scene where this week's expendable guest actors popped outside to investigate that mysterious clanking/groaning/beeping/slurping sound before being found horribly killed/gibbering mad an episode later.

At this point I might actually relax a little. I might even start breathing and let my hair unclench. And then it would be happen. The star of the show would come rocketing through the door, hit a shuddering halt slap in the middle of the set and stare at the camera like (and let's be honest here) a complete moron.

I'd hear my friends shifting in their chairs. I could hear sniggers tactfully suppressed. Once one of them remarked (with touching gentleness, mindful of my feelings) that this really wasn't terribly good acting.

Of course, as even they would concede, Tom Baker (for it was he) had been good once — even terrific — but he had long since disappeared up his own art in a seven-year-long act of self-destruction that took him from being a dangerous young actor with a future to a sad, mad old ham safely locked away in a voice-over booth.

Which brings us, of course, to Peter Davison (for it was about to be him). I was appalled when he was cast. I announced to my bored and blank-faced friends that Davison was far too young, far too pretty, and far, far too wet to play television's most popular character (as, I deeply regret to say, I described the Doctor). Little did I realise, back in 1982, that after years of anxious waiting on the terraces in my front room, my home team were about to score — or that Davison was about to do something almost never before seen in the role of the Doctor. He was going to act.

Let's get something straight, because if you don't know now it's time you did. Davison was the best of the lot. Number One! The Man! It's not a big coincidence,

(out of Seven)

or some kind of evil plot, that he's played more above-the-title, lead roles on the telly than the rest of the Doctors put together. It's because — get this! — he's the best actor.

You don't believe me? Okay, let's check out the opposition, Doctor-wise (relax, I'll be gentle).

1. William Hartnell. Look, he didn't know his lines (okay, fairly gentle. It wasn't his fault) and it's sort of a minimum requirement of the lead actor that he knows marginally more about what's going to happen next than the audience. In truth, being replaceable was his greatest gift to the series. Had the first Doctor delivered a wonderful performance they almost certainly would not have considered a recast and the show would have died back in the sixties.

2. Patrick Troughton. Marvellous! Troughton, far more than the dispensable, misremembered Hartnell, was the template for the Doctors to come and indeed his performance is the most often cited as precedent for his successors. Trouble is, the show in those days was strictly for indulgent ten-year-olds (and therefore hard to judge as an adult). Damn good, though, and Davison's sole competitor.

3. Jon Pertwee. The idea of a sort of Jason King with a sillier frock isn't that seductive, really, is it? In fairness he carried a certain pompous gravitas and was charismatic enough to dominate the proceedings as the Doctor should. Had his notion of the character been less straightforwardly heroic he might have pulled off something a little more interesting. His Worzel Gummidge, after all, is inspired and wonderful.

4. Tom Baker. Thunderingly effective at the start, even if his interpretation did seem to alter entirely to fit this week's script. (Compare, say, THE SEEDS OF DOOM and THE CITY OF DEATH. Is this supposed to be the same person?) I think I've said quite enough already about his sad decline so let's just say that it's nice to see him back on top form in **Medics**. Well, it was while it lasted.

5. Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy. Miscast and floundering. Neither made much impression on the role and none at all on the audience. Or at least on me.

So what makes Davison — for me — the best, and his episodes the ones I wouldn't mind watching in the company of my most cynical and sarcastic friends? I'm certainly not claiming the show was suddenly high art or great drama — it was still, after all, the adventures of space man in a frock coat who lives in a flying telephone box — but for a brief three years it seemed to take the job of being an entertaining, adventure-romp for kids of all ages with just the right mix of seriousness and vivacity, the way **Lois And Clark** does so adroitly now. And the leading man, bless him, was really delivering.

It's become traditional to say that the Doctor is not an acting part — I think Tom Baker started it and he certainly seemed increasingly determined to prove it true. This is, of course, nonsense. Like any other heroic character in melodrama — James Bond, Sherlock Holmes, Tarzan — he has his motivations and fallibilities. In fact, the Doctor's are rather well defined — perhaps unusually so, for a 'hero'. We know him to be a sort of academic aristocrat who one day, on a simple moral imperative, erupts from the cloisters and roars through time and space on a mission to end all evil in the universe, unarmed and, if possible, politely. Consider for a moment — as you would have to if you were casting this part — what kind of man makes a decision like that? He's profoundly emotional (it's a profoundly emotional decision), he's idealistic (unarmed?? Not even a truncheon??), he feels the suffering of others with almost unbearable acuteness (or he'd have stayed at home like we all do when there's a famine or a massacre on the news), he's almost insanely impulsive (I don't think I need explain that one) and he is, above all, an innocent — because only an innocent would try to take on the entire cosmos and hope to persuade it to behave a little better. Now look at the seven Doctors. Which one best fits the picture? Which one could you see acting this way? Be honest — it's number five.

It wouldn't surprise me, given the meticulous actor Davison is known to be, that some of the above was actually thought through and consciously foregrounded in his interpretation. Certainly, he seemed to reject the theatrical eccentricity of his predecessors (leading to the ridiculous criticisms that he's 'bland' and 'wet') in favour of a more visceral, emotional performance, emphasising the Doctor's anxieties and escalating panic a in the face of disaster. Davison's Doctor is beautifully unaware that he is a hero — he simply responds as he feels he must when confronted with evil and injustice, and does so with a very 'human' sense of fluster and outrage. In one of the comparatively few perfect decisions in **Doctor Who**, Davison is allowed to finally expire saving, not the entire universe, but just one life. This isn't to show, as has been suggested, that he's any less capable or powerful than the other Doctors — just that, for him, saving one life is as great an imperative as saving a galaxy. This, then, is the Doctor as I believe he ought to be — someone who would brave a supernova to rescue a kitten from a tree.

But that's not the whole picture, is it? A terrific central performance — but what about the stories? Astonishingly, they were pretty damn good too. Only twice in the whole run did the show lapse into the embarrassing (TIME-FLIGHT and WARRIORS OF THE DEEP) which, given my team's previous propensity for own goals, showed amazing restraint and there were whole runs of straight-forward but corkingly well realised yarns (THE VISITATION, FRONTIOS, MAWDRYN UNDEAD, RESURRECTION OF THE DALEKS, ENLIGHTENMENT, THE AWAKENING, THE FIVE DOCTORS and quite a few others). And there were some real stand-outs, weren't there? EARTHSHOCK, for instance, while having a story crafted almost entirely out of gaping plot holes had some cracking set pieces, thumping good direction, and some real 'moments' (Davison's first sighting of the Cybermen being my favourite). THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI, while again needing some tightening up on the plot front (I mean just where was the Doc during episode 3) was also superbly directed, had a terrific guest villain (Christopher Gable) and Davison's all time best Doctor performance as his heart-breaking doomed innocent gives his all to save a woman he's only just met.

Best of all, of course, there was KINDA and there was SNAKEDANCE and if you don't know those are the two best **Who** stories ever you probably stopped reading after I slagged off Tom Baker anyway.

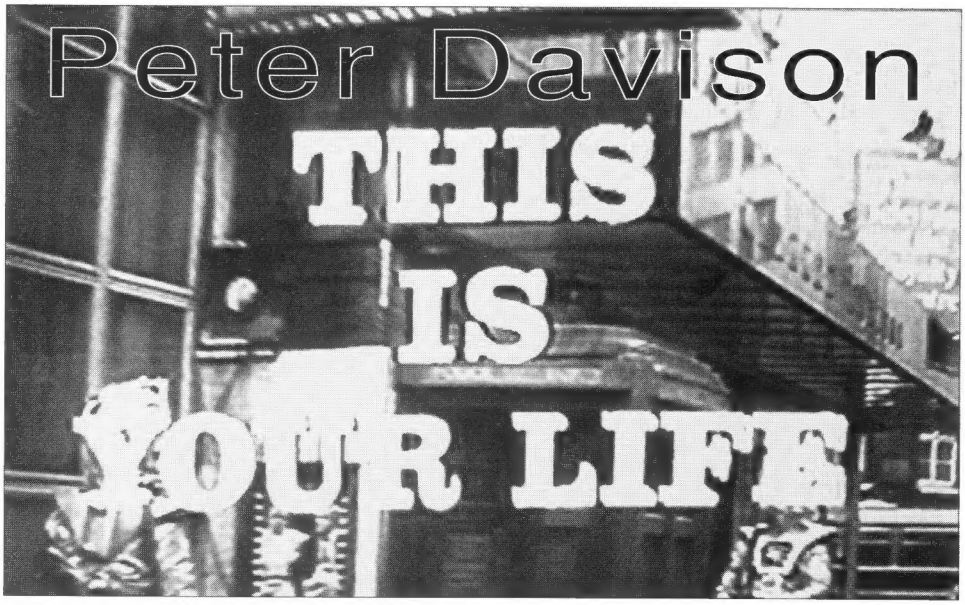
I find it genuinely surprising that **Who** fans don't routinely consider the Davison era to be their finest hour. It's only serious competition in terms of consistency and quality are the early Tom Baker stories and those, being largely a set of one-note Hammer hand-me-downs, lack the same variety and ambition.

Is it because Davison doesn't fit the established, middle-aged image of the Time Lord — even though, with twelve regenerations the Doctor must be a rather young Gallifreyan with, we know, a definitively youthful, rebellious outlook? Is it that some fans had actually latched on to tackier, more juvenile style of the earlier seasons and actually missed that approach? Whatever the explanation, if it's possible for anyone to watch something like KINDA and not realise the show was suddenly in a whole different class then I find that slightly worrying. Perhaps — no definitely — there's something about being a fan that skews your critical judgements.

Still, never mind all that. Back when the Eighties were young, and I was still one of those fans, all I cared about was that my show was suddenly kicking sci-fi bottom and I was proud and renewed in my faith. And once, on a visit to London, I persuaded my smart and cynical (and now slightly older) friends that **Doctor Who** really was a new and better show — respectable, intelligent, well made. And I persuaded them, for the first time in a long time, to watch an episode with me. I wasn't forced to, this time — I had a VCR recording at home, I could always see it later — but I wanted to surprise them with just how much better my team was playing.

So after much persuasion from me, we all sat down together and watched the panto horse episode of WARRIORS OF THE DEEP.

Alongside Doctor Who one of the most popular and long-running programmes on British television has been This is Your Life. Originating in America as a radio show during the Forties, its English TV counterpart has proven a consistent ratings winner, firstly for the BBC, then for ITV during the Seventies and Eighties, and finally again for the BBC in the Nineties. At the peak of its popularity on ITV the THAMES TELEVISION version of This is Your Life regularly topped the charts, often attracting audiences in excess of 15 million. In 1982 it was the turn of PETER DAVISON to come under the spotlight. JEREMY BENTHAM takes a look at the making of this episode in the company of JACK CRAWSHAW, Producer of the series from 1974-82.



THIS IS YOUR LIFE is both a programme and one of the most well known catch-phrases on television. It is living proof that simple ideas are frequently the best; just pick a celebrity, research his or her background, pull together any key or famous people influential in their careers, and present all these findings to the subject in one gala night broadcast.

It sounds easy, but the sheer planning and logistics involved for each episode makes it one of the most nerve-racking and technically demanding shows on TV. What makes this so is its now virtually unique status as a recorded-as-live broadcast programme. Although some episodes are pre-recorded, generally from the moment the Vision Mixer cuts to the celebrity's entry into the theatre auditorium, everything the viewer sees at home the following week the same as that seen by the audience, rarely if ever concealed by any judicious post-production editing. To coin a phrase, "Anything can happen in the next half hour".

That, of course, is part of the fascination; a sense of anticipation by the viewer, mixed with perhaps a little 'schadenfreude', that the initial surprise appearance of Eamonn Andrews — or, more recently, Michael Aspel — bearing the big, red book will be greeted with less than total enthusiasm by the bemused victim. Few who were there in the Seventies will ever forget the infamous night Richard Gordon, author of the Doctor... books, yelled "Balls!!" in front of a massive pre-watershed audience and stormed away from the studio, leaving a hapless production team no option other than a fade to black followed by a hastily arranged screening of a recorded episode.

Not surprisingly that incident made front-page headlines in next morning's newspapers, not least for the scandalous broadcasting of a colloquial profanity at a time when children might still be watching. Apologies were made and steps taken to minimise the risk of this ever happening again. Indeed, the first item on the agenda of every **This is Your Life** morning-after production meeting is now an analysis of the previous night's programme to identify problems and to apply any lessons learned.

By 1982 a great many lessons had been learned, format-based as well as technical. Early mistakes, such as guests or their partners being confronted by people they didn't want to see, or facts they didn't want others to hear (a facet of some of the pioneering American episodes), had been eradicated. So too, for the main, was the practice of surprising the subject in the studio theatre. Far better, if only for the sake of variety, to pre-film or pre-record this segment somewhere on location an hour or two earlier, just in case, as nearly happened with tennis star Virginia Wade in 1977, the guest initially declines to appear in the studio.

Jack Crawshaw, a one-time Fleet Street journalist turned researcher, Editor and, ultimately, Producer of **This is Your Life** between 1974 and 1982, explains the philosophy of the show;-

"It has to be an enjoyable experience for everyone concerned; the audience, the subject and all the guests who have given up their time to come along and pay their tributes. No-one gets a fee. It's purely an opportunity for relatives, friends and colleagues to honour the guest and, in return, for the guest, who may not have seen these people for years, to say thank you to them for help and support given towards their careers.

"We always tried to be topical, to pick those who, in some way, were making headlines. For example, we would always scan the Queen's New Year Honours Lists as a source of inspiration, not just for celebrity names but for those who had been judged worthy of a gong who might also have a story that could be told. That's why one week you might have seen a big sports name like Mohammed Ali, the next week a tribute to a retiring head of the Coastguards.

"What we don't do is give anyone cause to feel offended. In the early days of **This is Your Life** it was felt we had to mention everything; that we were doing a biography as well as paying a tribute. In later times we came round to the idea that there was no way we could ever fit everything into a 26 minutes 5 seconds slot, and certainly we didn't want to include any material that might embarrass our subjects?"

In 1972 **Doctor Who** came into their sights when Jon Pertwee was targeted. In collaboration with Barry Letts and Katy Manning the team from **This is Your Life** devised the filming of a phoney trailer for the series whereby the Doctor and Jo were shot running for the TARDIS, only to be confronted by Eamonn Andrews and the famous red book emerging from the police box — a portent of things to come...

The tapes of that show, along with many others from the early Seventies, were destroyed by Thames TV, although Jon Pertwee did receive an audio cassette of the broadcast as well as a set of photographs. Before the arrival of the *Philips Compact Cassette*, subjects for **This is Your Life** were presented with a copy of the show recorded onto a vinyl disc. Horrified to discover so much had been wiped, Jack Crawshaw issued a memo to

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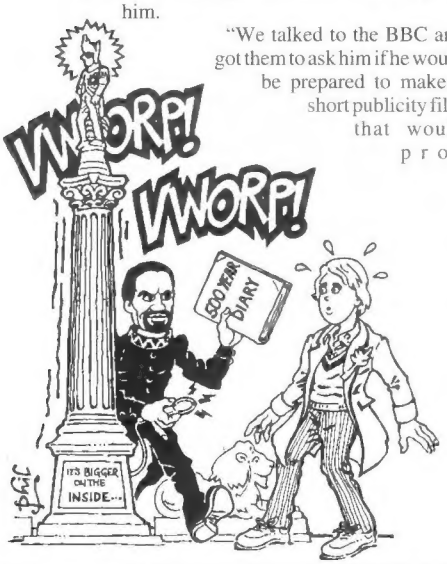
the Thames archives, shortly after taking up his appointment as Producer, instructing all future episodes be kept permanently. It is an edict still in force today.

Throughout its life on ITV **This is Your Life** was structurally devised in seasons of twenty-six episodes. All were surprise parties, some designated as 'serious tributes' to a celebrity of long-standing fame, such as Lord Mountbatten, others saluting the achievements of celebrities whose histories were worthy of recognition, albeit in a more light-hearted way.

Peter Davison fell into the latter category when he became a prospective candidate shortly after the media had announced his selection as the new Doctor Who. Jack Crawshaw takes up the story;-

"We discovered Peter was prepared to be very co-operative with the BBC about publicising the programme. We were able to take advantage of that really when it came to working out how we would surprise him.



"We talked to the BBC and got them to ask him if he would be prepared to make a short publicity film that would promote **Doctor Who** in Australia. This was the ploy that would get him to the location for the surprise - the 'pick-up' as it tends to be known.

"Peter was an ideal subject because he was very popular with a wide range of age groups, particularly with young people who tended to be the majority of viewers around the time of night **This is Your Life** goes out. During that summer, in the July following his announcement as the new Doctor Who, we got our researchers together for a meeting where you look ahead for the twenty-six people you want to surprise over the forthcoming year. Initially you start with a list of hundreds of names, accepting that a lot will get whittled down for any number of reasons.

"Suggestions for suitable candidates can come from anywhere; newspaper articles, lists of public figures, members of the production team, even letters of suggestion from viewers. Where possible we tried to be topical. If it was someone noticeable in the public eye they were more likely to be considered than someone who wasn't, although this was not always the case.

"The next step was to start making a few discreet enquiries. Normally this would be to agents if it was a showbusiness personality, but also perhaps to the wife or husband. At this point it was vital not to mention the name of the programme. What you were after was a go/no-go answer to the question, "If this person was up for an award at an award's ceremony, would they be pleased to accept it under such circumstances?" If the answer was no because, say, the person turned out to be a very private individual, then there was no point going any further.

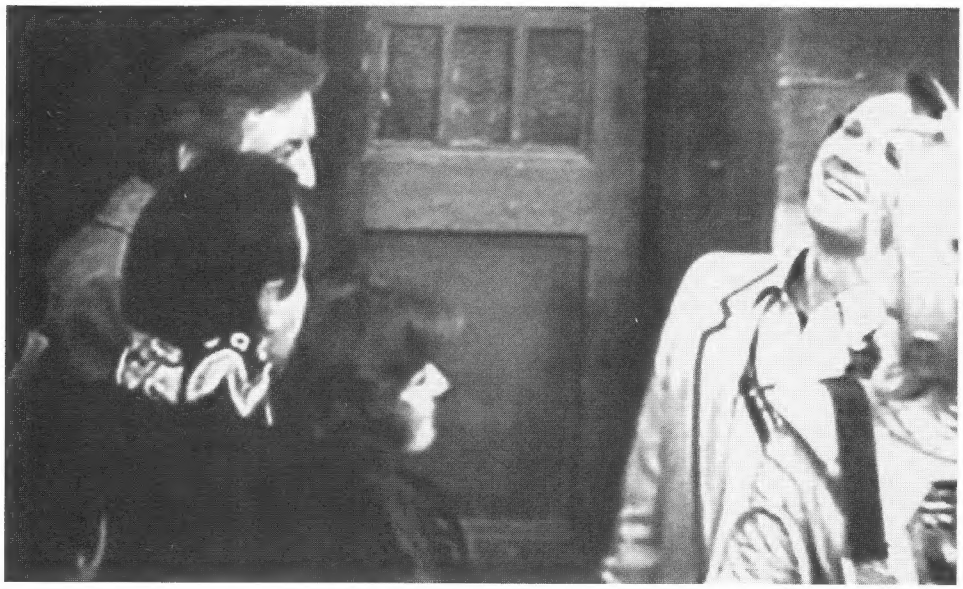
"Having got the backing of the agent or, in Peter's case, from Sandra (Dickinson), we would then start to do the research for real. With Peter our prime contact was Sandra and we basically asked her for anything she could give us; names, addresses, phone numbers, scrapbooks, any photographs that could be borrowed without him knowing — anything in fact that would build up the picture. Very early on we asked her to have a quiet word with his mother and father that we would like to see them. Invariably parents are the best sources of information as they tend to have more knowledge, photographs and scrapbooks even than wives or best friends.

"As you talked to these people you started to get leads; other people who were important to him, events in his life, individuals he would like to see, any that he wouldn't, etc.

"Cross checking was very important. There's absolutely no point in just reading a published biography, picking out a name that seems relevant and dragging them in only to discover there had been some almighty row five years ago and they haven't spoken since. In a way that would be a betrayal of the trust between the

person sitting in the chair and Eamonn. The subject has to be comfortable on air knowing he is not going to be sprung any surprises he would be unhappy dealing with.

"The fun element is equally important too, sometimes more so that a strict biographical history. In Peter's case, during our research, we discovered that, as a teenager with the long-haired Sixties look, he had been hired to be in the backing group for Dave Clark on **Top of the Pops**. Now journalistically that was a story. We found some pictures and then, even better, we found we could get some moving pictures from the BBC. So we knew we wanted to include this clip because, effectively,



this was the first appearance on television of someone who was destined to become a star. It had amusement, interest and irony all in one story.

"So the next step was to ring up Dave Clark in the States and see how much he remembered of the incident. Luckily for us you got the feeling from Dave's message they had met up since then, probably to have a laugh that Doctor Who had once been in a backing group for the Dave Clark Five. So it was perfect and was possible to do within our budget. Either we would have done a live link with a local station in Los Angeles or, more likely, got a local crew to pre-record the material for us."

Crucial to the success of the Davison project was co-operation of the BBC. For a while, following Thames TV's virtual 'poaching' of the show from the BBC in 1969, the corporation had been very hesitant about granting **This is Your Life** permission to use any footage owned by them. But with BBC Enterprises keen to promote sales and John Nathan-Turner keen to promote his Doctor, the degree of co-operation eventually afforded was more than anyone had anticipated.

With the approval and participation of John Mahoney from BBC Enterprises, approval was given for Thames to access all the costumes worn by the regular cast, the regular cast themselves, two Dalek casings, a pair of Cybermen suits and not just one, but two TARDIS props; the older pre-LEISURE HIVE version with its blue-glazed window panels for the studio, and the newer, clear-glazed model for all location work.

As the project grew and expanded in directions not originally envisaged, it became apparent that the Peter Davison episode would have to become one of the few instalments not to be done live. The need to organise a pick-up from Trafalgar Square in rush-hour, the overheads of applying and removing make-up from some guests involved in the vignette, plus rollback and mix effects with special sound to be edited into the TARDIS materialisations all determined the need for pre-recording. Consequently the shooting date was amended forward a week to Thursday March 18th 1982.

The riskiest time of all for the whole scheme was the evening of March 17th, the night before studio. Assembled into a private conference suite at the White House Hotel on the Euston Road were all the guests so painstakingly contacted and brought to London for the programme, including all Davison's family and those guests flown in from abroad. If ever he was to suspect something was up, by virtue of so many people being absent from their homes, it would be now. The purpose of the gathering was a run-through of the script, and the first opportunity the production team would have to rehearse all the guests in their entrances, where to sit and to time the lengths of their stories.

This latter aspect was crucial, as Jack Crawshaw recalls;-

"Very often it is the only opportunity you get in advance to cross check people's memories. What you don't want is for someone to come on live, tell a tale, and either the subject or one of the other guests says, 'No, that's wrong, it actually happened like this...' So it is vital that everyone hears what everyone else has to say just in case there is a need for any last minute script revisions."

By all accounts Peter Davison did not know in advance he was being set up for **This is Your Life** although, as he later confessed in an interview for the DWAS fanzine *TARDIS*, he ought to have smelled a rat;-

"On the day that it happened lots of strange things happened, but even so I just never caught on at all. I was shoved out of the house early in the morning for one thing. I was taken out for lunch by John Nathan-Turner and he kept buying me drinks, which was strange as we both knew I was scheduled to do this promotional filming for Australia. It just wasn't sensible as I had to learn my lines.

"Then there was the fact, although I often answer the phone when I'm in the Production Office, on that day every time it rang someone always beat me to it. I was never able to answer it myself, even if the person who did so was further away from it than I was at the time."

While Davison was being wined and dined in Shepherds Bush, over at the New London Theatre, Drury Lane the TARDIS props were being assembled, Cybermen costumed and the time travelling team of Sutton, Fielding, Waterhouse and Ainley garbed and made-up. Paul Stewart Laing, the location unit Director, got on with recording Eamonn Andrews' introduction outside the theatre, while inside studio Director Terry Yarwood was greeting his guests and rehearsing all the camera moves.

One aspect of Eamonn Andrews' style of presenta-

Presenter	EAMONN ANDREWS
Guests:	PETER DAVISON, Sandra Dickinson
	John Nathan-Turner, John Mahoney
	Anthony Ainley, Sarah Sutton
	Janet Fielding, Matthew Waterhouse
Brothers in Law	
	Donald & David Searle (from Maryland, USA)
All Creatures...	Christopher Timothy
	Robert Hardy, Carol Drinkwater
Plus... the 'real Tristan'	Brian Sinclair
Family	Sheila & Claude Moffatt (parents)
	Pamela, Barbara, Shirley (sisters)
	with husband, Clive
Music Teacher	Margaret Hennessy-Brown
Headmaster	Tom Barnes
Drama Teacher	Jane Walters
Drama School Friend	Ann Stanley
"The Elite of Clods"	Rick Dunning
	David & Philip Boyland
Actor	John Curles
Performer	Dave Clark (from Los Angeles)
Staff of Tax Office, Twickenham	Ivy Wier
	Tom Peacock, Helena Jones
Love for Lydia	Mel Martin, Christopher Blake
Holding the Fort	Matthew Kelly
	Patricia Hodge & Christopher Godwin
Sink or Swim	Sara Cowper, Robert Glenister
Doctor Who	Beryl Reid
plus...	Auntie Olga, from New York USA

CLIPS: **The Tomorrow People**: A MAN FOR EMILY.
All Creatures Great and Small
Top of the Pops
Love for Lydia
Doctor Who: EARTHSHOCK

Team	Lin Burnett, Roy Fewins
	Alan Ritchie, Judy Webbe
Engineering Manager	Norman Andrews
Lighting Director	Dennis Bowden-Williams
Senior Cameraman	John Chapman
Sound Supervisor	Tony Morley
Vision Control	Steve Jones
Make-Up Supervisor	Mimi Kimmins
Wardrobe Supervisor	Sandra Jeffrey
Floor Manager	Russell Norman
Production Assistants	Claire Jenkinson
	Irene Clark
Created by	Ralph Edwards
Researched by	Katie Lander
Programme Associate	Maurice Leonard
Programme Consultants & Writers	
	Tom Brennand, Roy Bottomley
Directors	Terry Yarwood, Paul Stewart Laing
Producer	Jack Crawshaw
Recorded	Thursday March 18th 1982
Transmitted	Thursday March 25th 1982

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tion which never failed to amaze Jack Crawshaw, or successor Malcolm Morris, was his ability to pace an episode without the need of an ear-piece connected to the gallery. The only aids he ever used were a large clock positioned at the front of the stage, and script pages in the red book printed using an extra-large font to obviate a need for him to wear glasses - a courtesy provided by a special typewriter purchased by the **This is Your Life** team specifically for the programme.

The script, by writers Tom Brennand and Roy Bottomley, was fluid enough to include extra questions for guests if padding was needed, or bracketed so that sections could be ignored if the pace began slipping.

As the time ticked towards five o'clock Peter Davison and John Nathan-Turner climbed into the specially booked 'Blue Volvo' which would take them to Trafalgar Square. There two cameras had been set up to cover the cordoned off area where the TARDIS had been erected during the afternoon. A pair of Cybermen and Daleks were patrolling around the famous police box, entertaining the large crowd which had gathered beyond the barriers. What Davison didn't know was that moments before his arrival in the square, a radio tip-off had alerted Sarah Sutton, Janet Fielding, Anthony Ainley, Matthew Waterhouse and a disguised Eamonn Andrews, giving them enough time to cram - somewhat claustrophobically - into the tight confines of the police box.

Back at Drury Lane ticket holding members of the audience were arriving at the theatre, totally ignorant of the name of the celebrity due in the chair. A warm-up man was present in the wings, primed to get the audience into a jovial frame of mind a quarter of an hour before curtain-up.

Peter Davison's arrival at Trafalgar Square, his surprise to find the Master and three companions aboard the TARDIS, and his shock at spying Eamonn Andrews and 'that' book among the assembly, was captured in its entirety by the hand-held cameras of the location crew. With just three quarters of an hour to go before curtain-up there was no time to waste. Leaving the second unit to clear up Trafalgar Square, the entire **Doctor Who** group was hastily bundled into the Volvo and driven at speed back to the New London Theatre, there to be given a quick glass of champagne and a change of clothing (in Davison's case brought by Sandra Dickinson) before the start of the show.

Normally the studio audience expects to see on the theatre monitors the full pick-up vignette, but with some post-production work still to do on the recorded footage, all they saw was a truncated version of the pick-up.

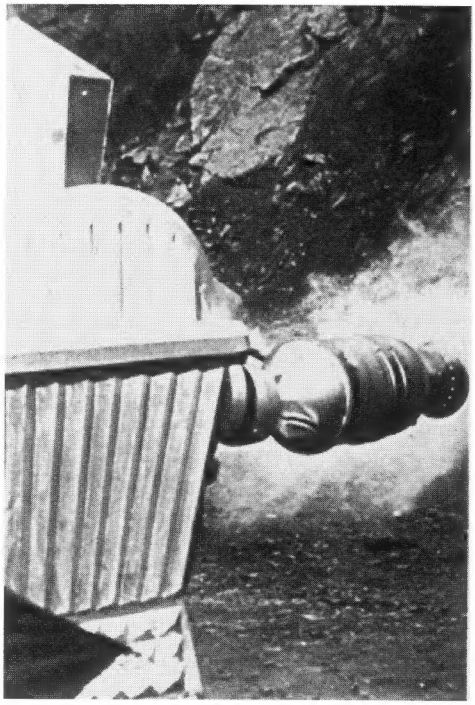
Thereafter the episode was totally as the viewer would see it a week later on Thursday March 25th, complete with all the laughs, blushes and even an ad-lib by Eamonn Andrews as he contemplated the height of Davison's brother-in-law against the size of the door.

The Peter Davison **This is Your Life** was one of the final instalments of season 13, the last to be produced by Jack Crawshaw before his handover back to Malcolm Morris. Having produced more than 200 episodes Crawshaw felt it was time to bow out, despite having had, in his own words, a lot of fun during his eight years controlling the hot seat.

But what of the future? Jon Pertwee had faced the red book in 1972, Peter Davison ten years later. What price the most popular Doctor of them all, Tom Baker? To this Crawshaw merely grins and replies, "You do know that Tom Baker's current wife was one of my principle researchers...?"

And the vaults were opened...

Proverbially, Doctor Who was at its best when the viewer was fourteen. In 1981 any viewer of that age or younger would have had few memories of the first three Doctors: for seven years Tom Baker had been the one and only, establishing an image of the Doctor for an entire generation. Then *The Five Faces of Doctor Who* provided an unexpected insight into the series hidden past, as the writers below recall...



An Unearthly Child

THE excitement was tangible. For years the BBC had told us that the continual repeats of **Star Trek** were in response to popular demand, neglecting to mention that Equity agreements ensured no amount of popular demand would win any British series the same treatment. But somehow you felt it could never happen to **Doctor Who**: even if you knew of the wiped stories, it hardly seemed to matter as those which survived were equally inaccessible. But suddenly the time was right for nΔ**Who** retrospective: as Sunday afternoon repeats of **Z Cars, Dr Finlay** and **That Was the Week that Was** had shown earlier in the year, viewers were beginning to accept black-and-white programmes again (though *Radio Times* would still receive letters from viewers angry that the BBC cheapskates wouldn't fork out for the colour versions!), and the long wait for Peter Davison's debut had heightened interest in the earlier Doctors.

In TV history November 2nd will always be remembered as Channel 4's birthdate, but for the fledgling TV buff of the early eighties the same date a year before was equally significant. Sci-fi heaven indeed, as the final season of **Blake's 7** beginning its slow upturn with

HEADHUNTER at 7.20, and before that **The Adventure Game** provided a fun wind-down from the highlight of the evening: **The Five Faces of Doctor Who.**

An Unearthly Child must have been an obvious choice to open the season, though in retrospect it's hardly representative of the Hartnell era as a whole. Even a few months later the Cave of Skulls would have been an obstacle from which the Doctor could escape within minutes, and while it's clearly not a science fiction story it lacks the colourful locales and characters of the Hartnell historicals.

I remember snapping something angry about television being an instant medium to a schoolmate who thought it dated. It was a valid reply, but not an accurate one. It did seem dated at the time, but fifteen years later it's no more so. Indeed less so. As the archives have opened wider in the past fifteen years AN UNEARTHLY CHILD's place in TV history has become clearer. It's years ahead of the Blackman **Avengers** episodes produced at the time, which are faster-paced but rather less effective, or the early **Callans**, which are perhaps more effective, but break less ground in production terms. In fact, the production itself remains highly convincing, a good deal more believable than much of the BBC's late Seventies output.

It's only the pace which marks AN UNEARTHLY CHILD out from contemporary fiction, and that's the result of its own style. It's more drama than an adventure, and in this age of over-paced, under-plotted widescreen co-productions that seems no bad thing: the confrontation between Kal and Za, the forces of reaction and evolution, is no less compelling because it's played out on such a small scale.

Of course the plot wasn't an entire surprise, as Terrance Dicks' novel had appeared a few weeks earlier: THE KROTONS was the only story I watched cold and unprepared (a slight disappointment that, as two-thirds of the black-and-white stories remained unnovelised and inaccessible at the time). But that couldn't prepare you for the eerie impact of episode one and that dazzling first sight of a TARDIS interior an order of magnitude more impressive than Tom Baker's homely neon-tubed console room, and for the abrasive figure of the First Doctor.

It's astonishing how easily I accepted William Hartnell's portrayal of the Doctor, so radically different from the commanding if evasive figure of Tom Baker. It's perhaps because he's so different that he succeeds. He's a commanding but brittle and rather disturbing character, a world away from his deceptively foolish successors, or even the mumbling grandfather hiding a will of steel into whom he'd develop within the year. If the aim of the *Five Faces* was to reacquaint viewers with the range of ways in which the Doctor had been played, then screening AN UNEARTHLY CHILD was a stroke of genius: compared to this pathetic, whinging creature, so arrogant while in control and hopeless when not, anything would seem familiar. With the sight of a Doctor who didn't know it all, was out of his depth and forced to learn as fast as any of his companions, an entirely new aspect to the character was revealed, just as his scenes with Susan turned my opinion of her character upside down: the idea that she might genuinely be the Doctor's granddaughter seemed ludicrous while Tom Baker was the Time Lord, but AN UNEARTHLY CHILD left their relationship in no doubt.

But what was interesting was that he clearly was the Doctor, whatever the difference, just as the series had been DOCTOR WHO right from the start.

Anthony Brown

The Krotons

FOR far too long, revisionists have ignored what, for me, is the best Troughton story ever. Battered and bruised, neglected and starved of love and affection, THE KROTONS is in many way's the Second Doctor's bastard son — we know it's there but we don't talk about it, and certainly don't want to remember that it was the Troughton era's contribution to the *Five Faces* season. An archetypal no-budget alien-tyranny story, it would appear that no-one can find a single saving grace within its 90 minutes, & I'm sure many would be delighted if history were rewritten so as to put a different four-parter on the shelves of the archives when the repeats was selected.

While KINDA and THE HAPPINESS PATROL were instantly reviled they were later exalted as having a special 'code' which it was necessary to crack before they could be enjoyed. KINDA = Buddhism and therefore transcends the barriers of rubber snakes and studio floors, and while THE HAPPINESS PATROL is slightly harder to solve (Terra Alpha = Thatcherite Britain), it's nonetheless overcome its problems to become something very clever in the collective imagination ("Yes, it's Bertie Bassett, but it's acting as a political metaphor so that's alright!"). THE KROTONS, by contrast, is forever remember as the story whose villains were designed by a **Blue Peter** viewer.

Okay, so the last statement was a myth, but an effective one because many believed it. Fans willingly perpetuated this as fact because it fitted the prevailing view, and as no-one questioned the assertion that THE KROTONS was, in fact, a load of old codswallop, it was passed on to others as part of **Doctor Who**'s folklore. This how we all operate as part of a greater ideology. Those who have the power to inform us, who own the machines of communication and distribution of information (the elite, we might say) give us knowledge which defines the limits of our attempts to decide what's true and false.

This is the basis for THE KROTONS. Early on, Selris tells the Doctor that it is the law that all Gonds are educated by the Teaching Machines. The Doctor points out that the Gonds receive their laws from the Krotons — in effect, everything they value as part of their own culture is that of their alien masters. As the Doctor notes, "Self-perpetuating slavery." The infrastructure of their society stems from the Kroton-controlled education system. Culling the cleverest and preventing the rest from temptations such as free will and deviance, the Krotons have managed to enslave a society by making the method of slavery invisible; when Selris notes the contradiction, that "their" laws are not actually theirs but those of the Krotons, he seems almost unable to recognise the point.

It is in this short scene that we find the 'code' to enjoying THE KROTONS; like THE HAPPINESS PATROL, THE KROTONS is a political allegory, but one based not on party politics but on political (specifically Marxist) theories of ideology. For an ideology to work its system must become almost invisible. How many viewers of THE KROTONS, for example, were alarmed at the prospect of receiving all of our thoughts from people who make the decisions from us, who decide what we should learn and how we should govern our society through laws about which we have little or no say? How many of us have actually equated 'Kroton' with 'politician'? The grey, faceless machine-like creatures that subjugated the Gonds sound, on paper at least, identical to our societies' stereotype of the images of government and authority, do they not?

The public face of the Krotons is ironically one of the Gonds' own — Selris — who is forced to preach the word of the Krotons and enforce their will. The dictators have a cruel sense of humour though. Not only do they create a society for their slaves in which the slaves themselves act as their own jailors, but in a sadistic twist they force their slaves' leader to dress up as a Kroton. Selris' body armour, with the shoulder-pads and moulded chest-plates, acts as a literal, as well as symbolic half-way stage between Gond and Kroton. Meanwhile the dictators can lie dormant for centuries, safe in the knowledge that nothing will awaken the masses to their roles as wheels in the machinery of their own servitude.

That this message, this code, should, like the Krotons, lie dormant for decades merely serves to underline the very power of a successful ideology. Whilst from outside, we can see how others are ruled by the system, from within we are blind to its existence.

Jim Sangster

The Curse of Peladon

THE impact of the fourth Doctor's demise (no pun intended) left me with a feeling of considerable surprise, and my over-riding memory is one of strong curiosity. When you're at school, the Doctor is "***The Doctor***", and I had no memory of Tom's predecessor… I remember a fetching still prepared by the BBC to be flashed up onscreen at the beginning of each *Five Faces* episode: the five Doctors in cameo against a starfield — and *there* was *Jon Pertwee!*

Although this season of repeats left me a confirmed partisan of Patrick Troughton, I was truely astonished that Pertwee had played the Doctor: he looked so elegant, and above all clean in this still (whereas I was used to him being up to his waist in mud and silage as Worzel Gummidge). Somehow the idea that such a memorable character from my childhood was played by a man who had also played *the Doctor* seemed inconceivable, and I sat down to watch his stories with some impatient curiosity.

Whenever I think of THE CURSE OF PELADON, I see Pertwee singing lullabies to Aggedor. There is something so quirky and insane about the idea of attempting to hypnotise a creature whose feral habits drive it to rip your head off… The story is saturated with the foreboding thought that this voracious animal is lurking somewhere, just waiting to maul someone within an inch of their life… and along comes the third Doctor to quite calmly tame it, with the help of a pen-torch and some obscure Venusian lullabies! (Are Venusians known to suffer from insomnia?) I think it was the sight of him doing this with such apparent conviction which made it so believable, and as a result Aggedor became much more than simply some guy in a furry suit making "Grrrr!!!" noises.

I really loved the Arthurian quality of the story too, the castle setting and the regal overtones. Having read a lot of Arthurian romances this tapped into an early enthusiasm, and kept me watching. The idea of the vengeful ancestral beast coming back to supernatural life is an old one, used to best effect in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, but CURSE is chock-full of ideas which I've really come to appreciate., in particular the absurdity of all those mis-matched aliens in such an improbable setting: Alpha Centauri at Camelot. Their resentment at the primitive castle-venue for such important negotiations, and their occasional grumbling about the lack of amenities seemed entirely human, like anyone grousing about the weather. It's also intriguing for once to have the aliens cut-off and vulnerable, stalked by an unseen killer, rather than being the aggressors.

The Ice Warriors didn't really make much of an impression on me, although I was suspicious of their initial role as supposed baddies in the story (nice to see the Doctor having to apologise to them, too!). I was, however, intrigued by Arcturus, especially since he proved to be such a trouble-maker: that something confined to a bowl (like so much floating seaweed) could whip up dissent and even stage his own attempted murder has retained a strong grip on my imagination, and even now I can remember the tension as Pertwee bustled in like Miss Marple to save the day.

But Alpha Centauri. Oh dear…

Many a drunken convention conversation has since ensued on how exactly Alpha Centauri *moves*. It was the same when I was twelve; theories grew up about roller skates, skate-boards, the skin of a gastropod, levitation and even *very* tight underpants. Nothing prepares the uninitiated for the firs sight of Alpha Centauri — with the best will in the world he is *very* silly, and you simply can't get on with viewing. You either hate the sight of him, or love him as one of **Who**'s most inspired telly-kitsch aliens. I got used to viewing him with warm amusement, not taking him too seriously, but was completely puzzled by the idea that he was a 'hermaphrodite hexapod'. You couldn't really ask about something like that at a Catholic school, so I decided he was some form of dubious octopus with the dress sense of Mamma Cass.

Having never seen Jo before I followed the embryo romance between her and King Peladon with just a hint of adolescent pique: not knowing when she joined the show or left, the fun of the will she/wont' she leave the Doctor situation worked really well. This was the first time I'd seen a companion get one over on the Doctor in a social situation, and the idea of Princess Josephine of TARDIS treating the Doctor as her humble vizier still appeals!

Glen Reed

The Three Doctors

FOR someone whose experience of the Third Doctor was limited to hazy memories of Season Eleven (and most of the Target range), *The Five Faces...* season provided an an intriguing opportunity to witness Jon Pertwee in action.

On the face of it, THE THREE DOCTORS was the perfect choice for a repeat: the tenth anniversary story; the first three Doctors together; a great way of reminding us Tom Baker fans just where the series had come from. But, unfortunately, THE THREE DOCTORS was an example of **Doctor Who** at its gaudiest, not its best, and was something of a disappointment to me at the time (and since, for that matter).

The main reason for this disappointment was the fondness I had developed for many of the older stories I had never seen through the Target novelisations. I am convinced faint memories of stories seen when very young, bolstered by the Target book, resulted in many fans happily remembering 'lost' shows in glowing terms. Witness the disappointment that came with the discovery of THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN, a story that had *so* many memories attached that it could *never* be as great as everyone thought it was, or 'remembered' it to be.

In those pre-video days of 1981 the memory did cheat; the opportunity to see old **Doctor Who** was rare indeed, a moment to be savoured, and it was slightly upsetting to realise some of the older stories were not in fact very good.

Since the advent of widespread video ownership, the fan's attitude to their favourite show has dramatically changed. Where we once genuinely appreciated **Doctor Who** (and the chance to actually see it), we are now somewhat blasé about the programme. All the videos and repeats on cable/satellite mean that most fans have seen everything that still exists; there are a few lost classics that remain as such in the minds of those old enough to have seen (for example) FURY FROM THE DEEP, but for the most part fans debunk and poke (affectionate) fun at **Doctor Who**. This attitude is prevalent even in the professional field: *The Discontinuity Guide* is basically something that only a fanzine could have come up with until very recently.

Whilst I do not disagree with this very healthy irreverent attitude (one does have to have a strong sense of humour to stay with a show like **Doctor Who** for so long), it does mean that reviewing a story becomes very hard when one considers that totally different attitudes applied to the viewing of said story when it was made, or first reshown.

It is very difficult to separate all our behind-the-scenes knowledge from the simple act of viewing and enjoying. For example, knowing that Hartnell was so very ill during the production of THE THREE DOCTORS colours one's appreciation. now I find myself looking for faults, for errors, for Hartnell checking his cue cards. At the time, however, I was simply delighted to see the First Doctor doing his stuff, being cross and grumpy, just like the books said he was.

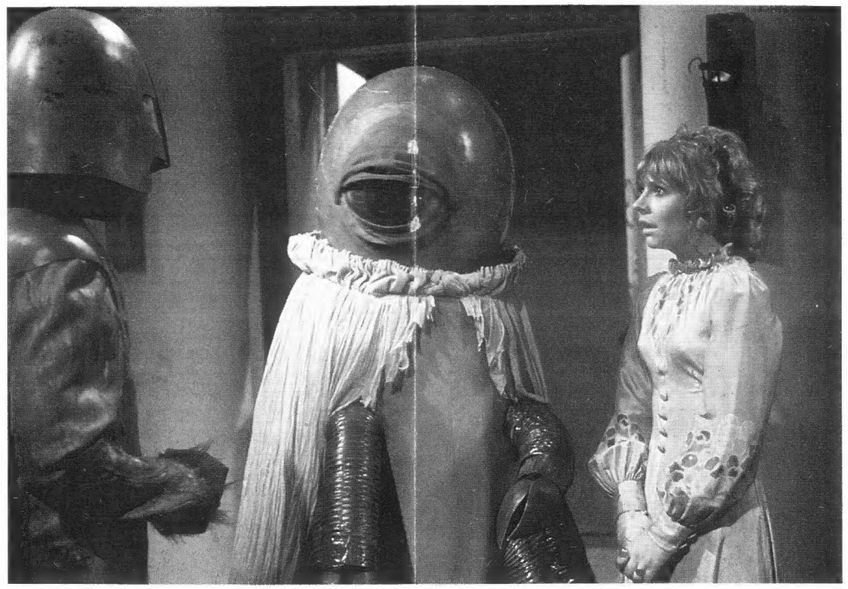
That said, even by the standards of the time, THE THREE DOCTORS falls down on many counts.

Primarily it is too ambitious. Terrance Dicks came up with a great scenario — all three Doctors, a massive threat to the Time Lords, black holes, UNIT (of course), even the obligatory Pertwee era yokel — then wisely gave Bob Baker and Dave Martin the thankless task of shoehorning all this into four episodes.

All Baker and Martin needed was a feature film-sized budget to realise their scripts. But surprisingly, THE THREE DOCTORS seems to have ended up as the cheapest story that year. Terrance Dicks, in his novelisation, describes the fantastic anti-matter world as containing a fabulous castle of bronze and the towering flame of singularity. However, the budget could only run to the standard BBC sandpit with a couple of doors at one side, some wobbly plastic wall, a small 1970s TV monitor and the marvellous… wisp of smoke.

Thankfully the cast was as dependable as ever. The interplay between Pertwee and Troughton is still one of the delights of the whole series, and the brief appearances of Hartnell on the scanner provide glimpses of what might have been, had his health been better.

The other regulars become somewhat secondary due to the nature of the plot, but nevertheless add to that fabled Pertwee 'family' atmosphere. Jo has become slightly more kooky, Benton a touch more stupid, and the Brigadier has turned into the type of Colonel Blimp Nick Courtney always claimed he wasn't (all that muttering about Cromer for goodness' sake!).



To love this particular 'family' feel I'm sure one would have had to have grown up with it. Brought up on Hinchcliffe and Holmes' gothic nightmares, THE THREE DOCTORS seemed a little *too* cosy to me. Even the presence of Omega wasn't really scary. Oh, he swaggered a lot, in that admittedly impressive costume, but his Brian Blessed-style voice and all that ranting meant I couldn't take him too seriously. Anyway, what sort of menace can he have been if a funny Pertwee "lash-up" with a recorder and a few bits of plastic defeated him.

You see. I'm being all ironic and Nineties now. It's so hard not to.

The bottom line is that THE THREE DOCTORS is fun; a not too serious celebration of **Doctor Who** rather than a great story (much like THE FIVE DOCTORS) ten years later. It has wobbly monsters, a pantomime villain and some dodgy special effects, but didn't most **Doctor Who**? And it was marvellous to actually see it repeated, back in 1981, in the days when *watching* **Doctor Who** was still a one-off unrepeatable experience. These days of video have spoiled us, and, sadly, spoilt part of the fun and magic of **Doctor Who**.

Richard Adams

Carnival of Monsters

HAVING now seen the entire Pertwee era on UK Gold, it's hard to believe that I had never seen a third Doctor story when I sat down to watch the *Five Faces* season on BBC2. I had very vague memories of seeing the end of INVASION OF THE DINOSAURS and I can quite clearly recall being scared to the point of switching off by the opening moments of a repeat of THE SEA DEVILS. However, watching THE THREE DOCTORS and CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS was a special occasion; they were colour stories that didn't star Tom Baker as the Doctor.

I began watching **Doctor Who** at the age of seven when ROBOT was shown and had grown up with Tom Baker's Doctor. I had never seen any of the other Doctor's on television and my only previous experience with the others had been by reading the Target novels of the time. So this repeat season was eagerly awaited. In hindsight the story choices were not that great, but even now CARNIVAL now seems the stand out story. Hartnell's story had no monsters, and after the special first episode tended to drag on a bit, Troughton's had monsters but was nothing really special and I wasn't really bothered about seeing Logopolis again so soon.

This just left the two Pertwees, and while THE THREE DOCTORS was quite good it didn't have quite the same impact that CARNIVAL had. Having read the novel several times I was aware of what the story was about, but was not disappointed by what I saw. CARNIVAL is actually one of the few Pertwee stories that is not overshadowed by the book version. One of the major reasons why the Pertwee era has suffered such a violent backlash in recent years is the disappointment caused by comparison to the novels, which are invariably far superior. Does the imagination cheat one wonders?

But I digress. I recall being impressed by Jon Pertwee's Doctor. He was no match for Tom's portrayal, but then no one was ever going to match him, not then and not now. Come to think of it I even liked Jo Grant (what was I on?). But my over-riding memory of the story was the Drashigs; they looked great, they sounded great (especially on the creaky audio tape that I made at the time and replayed continually) and they also ate people. What more could you want from a **Doctor Who** monster?

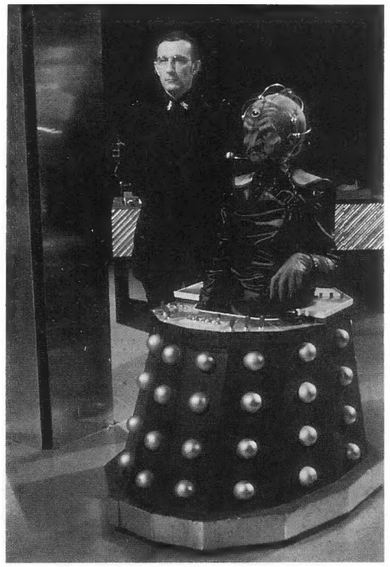
The production and acting didn't really concern me much at the time, but are both solid. The effects when the Drashig bursts from the ship's hold as Major Daly fires at it are particularly impressive, and remains so even today. Overall, CARNIVAL is a cut above the average story and it is one of the few late Pertwee stories that I still hold dear. I enjoyed it as part of the Five Faces, on UK Gold, and still dashed out to buy it on video. What more can I say?

Mark Eldridge

Genesis of the Daleks

MY first memory of **Doctor Who**, or indeed of any television, is GENESIS OF THE DALEKS. It is the original cause of my becoming a walking cliché. I was 4 years old and actually remember peering at the television from behind the sofa. My only real memory is that on seeing a Dalek I would scream and duck back down, but if it was Sarah I would heave a sigh of relief and stay watching awhile. It is interesting to note that I can recall nothing of the plot or very much of the following stories until Season Fifteen (with the exception of the end of THE DEADLY ASSASSIN episode 3, proving perhaps that Mary Whitehouse had a point and violent images do effect children – still, I haven't murdered anyone yet, though there's always time…, anyway I digress).

In my opinion, the myth it does prove is that the Daleks are probably the most powerful image Who has ever produced, provided you make contact with them at a young enough age. This feeling was confirmed by my reaction to both them and that other perennial favourite, the Cybermen in later years. As mentioned before, I had no childhood memories of the Cybermen even though REVENGE was transmitted immediately after GENESIS and I most definitely saw it. However, by the next time I saw GENESIS as part of the *Monsters* season, I had experienced three months of my first new Doctor and been knocked out by EARTHSHOCK. By comparison, GENESIS seemed slow, lacking in Daleks and full of lengthy dialogue and imagery. At the time, the most interesting aspect was getting to see a Sarah story properly and a male companion other than Adric. Also, for somebody whose full recollection of the series began with Graham Williams it was a revelation to see that the totally 'serious' portrayal of both the Doctor and the show were not a Nathan-Turner innovation. There were scenes which impressed such as the Doctor's debates with first Davros and then Sarah on the morals governing the creation and destruction of races, and of course the Dalek's closing speech, which formed the end of the record version, but by and large, I found the experience



of watching it in 1982 a faintly disappointing experience. It seemed to confirm the view which had started to form during DESTINY and EARTHSHOCK that the Daleks were very over-rated. It wasn't until several years later when I saw the unabridged video release that I realised how I'd been cheated.

On viewing the story now, I recognise that the beauty of GENESIS lies in the imagery of the Nazi parables and the delay in introducing the Daleks to the main action, which allows time for both Nation and the actors to present unusually rounded characters (the one notable exception being the rather flat heroics of Bettan). The pinnacle of this achievement is of course Davros. In GENESIS, you are made to understand how centuries of relentless war and personal loss take their toll on both society and individuals. You can see how an end, any end, to the war can be seen to justify the means. Davros is brilliant and flawed, but above all he is human and as such understandable and pathetic in the truest sense of the word. It is as well to rewatch GENESIS every couple of years if only to remind yourself of what an exceptionally fine villain he was before his later stories and increasingly unbelievable resurrections reduced him to little more than a pantomime villain.

I believe my lack of enjoyment in 1982 had two roots; my age and the cuts which were made to the story. As an example, the loss of the opening scene has a much greater effect than simply to silence the Mary Whitehouses of this world, it deprives the viewer of much of the background to the story. As discussed previously, the prime motivation for many of the characters actions is the desire to end centuries of barbaric war. In the abridged version we only know of the history from dialogue which lacks the impact of that stunning opening sequence.

My age was also a great factor. At eleven I wasn't familiar with details of the Second World War or indeed the idea of political allegory. Nor did have enough understanding of psychology or literature to recognise how brilliant the characterisations are. In a similar way, **Blake's 7** is a series which I remember very clearly from transmission, but I remember the chases and Gan's death. Yet it is now the political intrigue and the characters' relationships that makes it one of my favourite series, showing that at his best, Nation is an expert at writing on two levels. He knows how to scare and thrill children whilst providing something deeper for the adults to enjoy.

As an adult GENESIS seems one of the finest WHOS ever made. It also remains my over-riding memory of the series as a child and again, at the end of the day what more can you ask for? (even if it does make me a walking cliché)!

Kate Brown

A Renaissance Doctor

Dr Kit Pedler died in 1981, a few months before his creations the Cybermen returned to the studios of the BBC. With the help of Kit's colleagues and family, ANTHONY BROWN *profiles a multi-talented and inspirational individual.*

KIT PEDLER, best known to **Doctor Who** viewers as the creator of the Cybermen, was found dead on 27th May 1981. Though he had been seriously ill in the past, his sudden death brought a tragically unexpected end to a life in which he'd already achieved more, in a variety of fields, than most could contribute in a century. To remember him solely as a science fiction writer would be to belittle a man of wide-ranging talents.

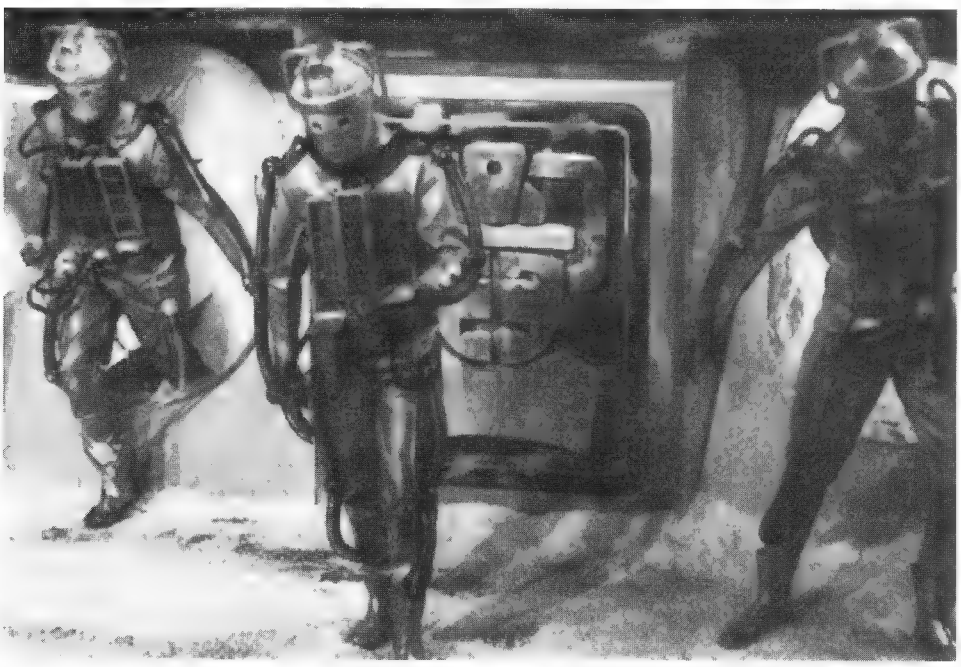
An only son, his mother was a prominent water-colourist and his father the Local Medical Officer of Health. It seemed only natural that he should follow in the newly-established family tradition, and after attending Ipswich School and serving in the RAMC he studied medicine at King's College and Westminster Medical School, and qualified in 1953. Alongside his studies, his wife Una, a psychiatrist who he'd met at Chelsea Polytechnic while they were both studying medicine, recalls how he took the opportunity to demonstrate his musical talents in the college reviews, playing all manner of wind instruments including the plumbing while dressed in Arab headgear.

While sampling general practice, he was inspired by a meeting with Dr Norman Ashton, an academic researcher who triggered the first of many changes in direction which were to pepper his life. Joining the Institute of Opthalmology he was able to indulge his interest in research pathology, winning himself a permanent place in the Institute with his Ph.D. developing Ashton's work on the causes of retrolental fibroplasia, a disease which causes blindness in newborn babies.

He had by this point become fascinated with the retina of the eye and their role in colour vision, and commandeered the Institute's old electron microscope to investigate their construction. His methods pioneered the use of electron microscopic on biological tissues, as represented by the scientific papers which led the Wellcome Foundation to award him a more modern machine, and he was later instrumental in establishing the first courses to educate new generations of students in these techniques. His ultimate aim was to create an artificial analogue for the eye including a sophisticated computer _ this being necessary as he'd come to believe that the eye itself functioned as a form of computer, sorting and encoding visual information before it was passed up the optic nerve to the brain. As late as 1971, when he was visiting professor of computer science at the University of Manitoba, Canada, the cast of Doomwatch recall how he continued to work on this project, replacing components as advances in miniature electronics brought his dream of an eye-sized 'eye' closer to reality. Wendy Hall, who played Pat Hunnisett in the series' first season recalls "We went down to Kit Pedler's laboratory at London University for publicity shots, and he showed us the various things he was working on at the time, including an enormous eye. It was a computer which he was trying to reduced to the size of a real eye so it could be used as a substitute."

This work led to academic recognition: after becoming a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society in May 1960, he made a meteoric rise, joining its Council within eight months, where he chaired several significant committees. By 1966 his peers saw a glittering future in the scientific community ahead of him, but illness was now to change his life again.

Pedler had already contributed to an untransmitted Horizon documentary entitled *The Eye*, and this brought him to the attention of **Doctor Who**'s script editor Gerry Davis, who was seeking a scientific adviser and visited him in hospital. Pedler soon developed the idea which was to become The War Machines, but it was The Tenth Planet which was to give voice to the philosophical concerns which were coming to dominate his thoughts.



Pedler had been raised as a Catholic, but by his university days had found its creed insufficient to satisfy his enquiring and rational mind. Nevertheless, he retained a desire to find a meaning to life which had for a while been satisfied by his scientific research; by 1966 this was no longer enough, as he'd become convinced modern technology and science were being employed in a way caused as much harm as good. The Cybermen, developed from his own fears of the way medical science might dehumanise society (not to mention National Service memories of "robotic" parade ground drills), and his own worst perceptions of himself, formed a powerful demonstration of this.

In a 1979 introduction to a collected edition of the *Dan Dare* story *The Man from Nowhere*, Pedler commented that "At the time I was obsessed as a scientist with the differences and similarities between the human brain and advanced computing machines, and I was thinking that although I could imagine a logical machine reasoning to itself and manipulating events outside it, by no stretch of the imagination could I envisage a machine producing a poem by Dylan Thomas. And so the Cybermen appeared."

This doesn't mean he abandoned science, merely that he saw its limits. During her time on **Doctor Who** Anneke Wills invited Pedler to a dinner party along with Dr Jonathan Miller, another medical doctor with a creative bent whom Pedler himself admired greatly, hoping that the 'two most powerful minds' she knew might spark together. Events proved otherwise, as Miller was dismissive of Pedler's scientific research, suggesting he was wasting his talents on trivial matters, as only humanity itself could provide meaning and beauty to life (an opinion with which the supernaturally-minded Wills sympathised). Pedler retained a belief in science, not as an end in itself, but as a route to be travelled through a wider world. As he later commented: "I think the scientist is a citizen, and as such he has a complete responsibility for the work he does. I don't think he can ever say 'Of course, it's up to the politicians', or it's up to the people. He is the people, he is concerned with politics."

Even before The Tenth Planet was transmitted Pedler was asked to contribute a sequel, but his illness was to interfere with the writing of both The Moonbase and The Tomb of the Cybermen. In early 1967 he underwent extensive surgery and was forced to stay in hospital for some months.

Among his unpublished papers is the first hundred and ten pages of what amounts to an auto-biographical novel, *A Mirror for Your Vanity*, which takes the form of a relentlessly self-critical dialogue between Dr Thomas Howard Riker and his foul-mouthed inner voice Vox, which perhaps reflects his thoughts at this time. Riker is a distinguished researcher into neural biochemistry, whose criticism of unethical, careerist science during TV broadcasts have caused trouble within the faculty. A lapsed Catholic and academic prodigy, he's consumed by a feeling of inadequacy and pointlessness, issues he has ample time to consider while recovering from a near fatal car crash, a crash caused by his own carelessness while maintaining his Maseratti.

This reflects one of Kit's great interests, and one which once involved him in a serious accident in reality: fast cars. Simon Oates recalls the delight they'd take in each other's vehicles while working on **Doomwatch**, and Joby Blanshard remembered his love of mechanics. "He was an enthusiast and also a very capable man - he could make anything mechanical work. I remember going to his house in Clapham, and in the cellar he had three old car engines which he'd adapted to run on any kind of fuel, spirits or paraffin, connected to a whole chain of batteries which were wired around the house to provide emergency light and heating."

This was an idea he was to develop further, as Blanshard recalled: "At one point he wanted to build, as a statement, an ecologically sound building, and he went on to do very big projects, including one for a dried baby food company. He pointed out their whole system was fundamentally unsound as they were producing huge amounts of tremendous amounts of heat that was disappearing into the atmosphere. They were only working

for a few months of the year, laying off the workforce for the rest of the time, and he worked out how to use the waste heat to heat the locality, spread over the whole year."

His ecological ideas were first given form in **Doomwatch**, which he and Gerry Davis proposed to the BBC in 1968. As Pedler described it, the series concerned "the first scientific ombudsmen put out by a government to look into possible harmful effects of scientific research, and in it we find that our three characters keep coming up against the various vested interests politically in the government, vested interests in science itself, and we tried to write stories around this general theme."

Pedler's contributions to the first season were to prove immense, as he outlined concepts for eleven episodes beyond the three he and Davis wrote themselves. Not all of these made the screen, and in some of those which did the essential, disturbing '**Doomwatch** idea' contributed by Pedler is undermined by more conventionally minded writers, but this merely demonstrates how advanced Pedler's concerns were. As Simon Oates recalls, the series would not have been the same without him: "You had to have Kit Pedler. He was an essential for the series. His mind was incisive, he knew what he wanted, and he wrote what he wanted."

Perhaps more importantly, Pedler inspired the cast and crew to see **Doomwatch** as something important and significant. Wendy Hall comments "I thought he was a remarkable human being, and one of the most modest people I've ever met. He seemed to have very little regard for himself, and thought he as very insignificant. To him the significant thing was what was happening to the world, the pollution and how he could start doing something to remedy the situation he saw looming up. In that respect he was very far-sighted, because we're only just beginning to be aware of it now.

I only met him a few times, but of all the things I can think of about **Doomwatch** he was the outstanding person I remember. I suppose in a way he had an effect on me, because I began to see things slightly differently, although I thought he was making a bit much of everything, and was a bit more concerned than he should be, though of course he wasn't. He was a very very caring person, very genuine, and seemed enormously excited about **Doomwatch** in a way which spilled over. I couldn't wait to get started on it, though at the time of course I hadn't even seen a script! It seemed the most exciting thing I'd been involved with, and something really worth doing because it offered the chance to make a contribution, and do something of substance." Similarly Joby Blanshard felt "He was a brilliant man and he enthused, whatever he was doing. He had the ability to enthuse anybody he came into contact with, and the whole atmosphere of the first series was the result of that enthusiasm, because he was around a lot, coming to rehearsals and performances, and was very much involved."

In *A Mirror for Your Vanity*, Pedler reveals through Thomas Riker's thoughts a fear of hypocrisy, and the

idea that he was unworthy of the respect he'd earned from friends and peers. Certainly, he often failed to practice what he preached (a crime of which he accused the priests of his childhood, who preached a gospel of love through hateful fear of damnation), retaining his love of sports cars despite his contempt for the internal combustion engine, but this is perhaps unimportant, as he inspired others to live up to his ideals. Jean Trend, who played Dr Fay Chantry in the second season of **Doomwatch** recalls how his attitudes to wasteful packaging, often detailed by Gerry Davis, influenced her.

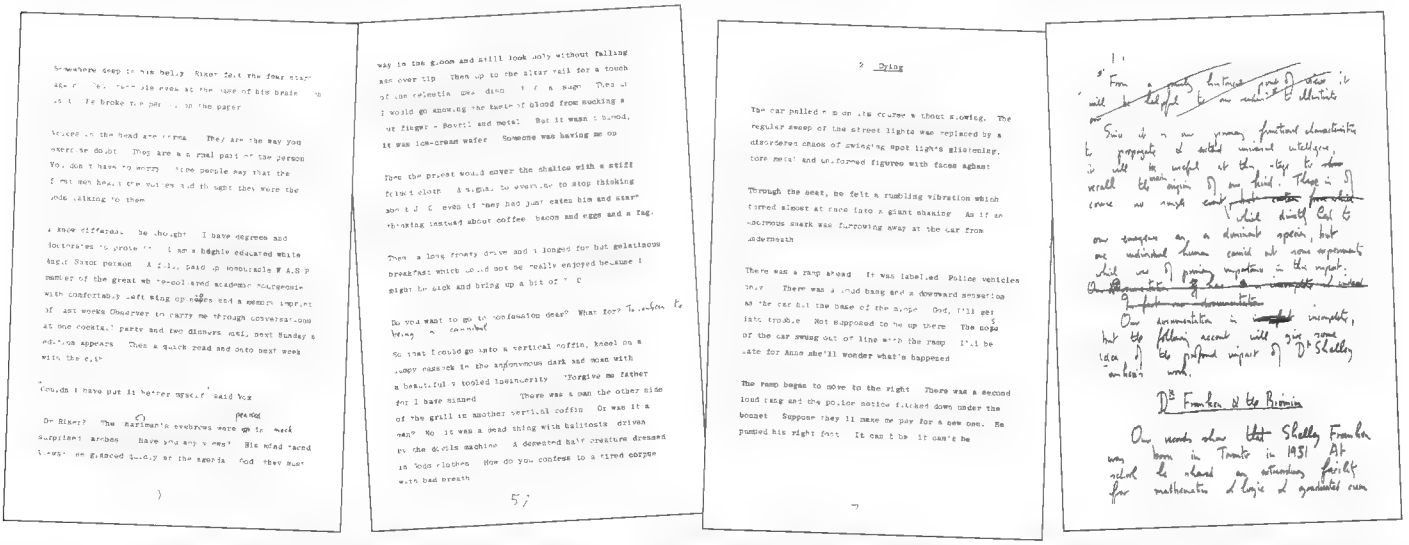
"Kit Pedler was very special. He told me about the wastage involved in packaging, the costs and the trees cut down, and explained how when he went and bought a shirt he'd pay for it and then on the counter take off the cellophane wrapping, take out the pins and the cardboard bits around the collar, and give them back to the shopkeeper. He said we should all try and discourage packaging like that, and I that's what I have done. I never accept any packaging in shops — if it's wrapped in cellophane why do you need another bag.

He was very worried about water, saying that would be facing rationing in thirty years time as we were very careless with it . For instance everybody turns on the tap when they clean their teeth, and that wastes a gallon. So, while I don't know if they still do it, I trained my sons to wet their brush and turn the tap off. All the things we're talking about now he was anticipating twenty years ago."

Doomwatch became a massive success as it built to the shattering death of Robert Powell's character Toby Wren in the season climax, winning a nomination for the Mullard Science Award and stimulating great interest in its subjects which placed the word itself in the Oxford English Dictionary. But Pedler and Davis' involvement was to come to an end during the second season, as their working relationship with producer Terence Dudley deteriorated beyond the point of no return. Pedler was later to comment that **Doomwatch**'s third season had ore in common with **Z Cars** than the series he created.

Following his departure from **Doomwatch** he and Gerry Davis collaborated on the idea for a new series, **1999: The Year of the Rat** which suggests he became pessimistic about the chances of the developing eco-movement. It describes how the ecological movement of the early Seventies overplayed its hand, provoking an anti-environmental backlash of unrestrained technological growth. By 1999 the effects this has brought the great cities to the point of collapse, with poor hygiene and rubbish in the streets spawning uncontrolled packs of rats and increasingly devastating outbreaks of disease culminating in the escape of a manmade virus.

As in **Survivors**, the central question was to be whether the rebuilt society could avoid repeating the mistakes of the old. The principle difference however, and one which might have avoided the element of 'post-holocaust soap opera' which some find off-putting about Terry Nation's series was that the plague was to have been controlled, though too late to prevent the near collapse of society as power and transport failed. Doctors were to have controlled the final plague with a newly developed vaccine, becoming the central figures of a



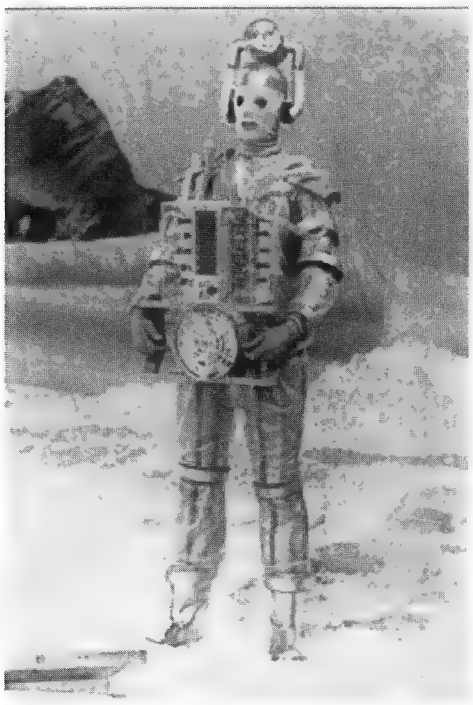
Somewhere deep in his belly, Riker felt the fear start...

...way to the groom and still look only without falling...

2 Dying

The car pulled ...

I'll ...



series described as a Dr Kildare of the Future, as they worked on the frontline of reconstruction amid the warring street committees and the threat of petty bureaucrats wedded to the old ways, aware that a mutated version of the virus could resurface at any time.

Alongside this work the pair produced three novels inspired by **Doomwatch.** *Mutant 59: The Plastic Eaters* rewrites the series' opening episode, expanding upon the devastation caused by the escape of the virus to produce a story far more spectacular than that seen onscreen. *Brainrack* is superficially a tale of disaster at a nuclear power station, but in fact concerns the brain damage caused by the effects of petrol additives, while *The Dynostar Menace* develops the ideas of *Brainrack*, suggesting that the shutdown of nuclear fission stations worldwide led to research into orbital fusion plants — with disastrous consequences for the ozone layer. Towards the end of the Seventies Pedler and Davis renewed their partnership to work on the script of TV movie version of *The Dynostar Menace* which was to have been produced by the BBC and Universal television, but by then **Doomwatch** had led Pedler's career away from science fiction.

During the early Seventies, the government considered setting up a real-life Doomwatch, inviting Pedler and Davis to discuss which areas the committee should consider. This is indicative of the surge of interest created by the series, and for a while Pedler saw this as the beginnings of a movement which might allow him to make a real impact for the good of the environment. When his wife took up a consultancy in Kent he seized the opportunity to live in the country, moving to a small farm where he could put his ideas on wind power and conservation of energy into practice. At this time he made an increased effort to live up to his ideals, becoming a vegetarian for the reasons which he describes in his book *The Quest for Gaia*, which also describes the wastefulness of the consumer society and economic systems which consider production of new equipment better value than replacement of damaged parts. *The Quest for Gaia* is not perfect, as Pedler's passion sometimes overwhelms his reason: having forcefully described the waste involved in the production of a coke can, he undermines his case by criticising the drink itself, alienating anyone who actually likes the 'sticky, sickly syrup'! Nevertheless, the book remains a powerful argument for a more responsible style of life. After Pedler's death environmentalist and Python Terry Jones remarked on the unprecedented feeling of loss he felt for a man he knew solely through his writings.

In the late Seventies, Pedler explored phenomena unexplained and often rejected by conventional science, including the paranormal themes explored in his TV series and book **Mind Over Matter**. At the same time he worked on proposals to put his ideas of sustainable development into practice in the form of a spectacular Earthlife City on the southern bank of the Thames, in London's disused docklands. Conference facilities, exhibition halls, research laboratories, community workshops and a wildlife park powered by a combined heat and energy plant were to be linked to the capitol by an extension to the Jubilee tube line. Fifteen years later, the vision of this plan shines through, but it also demonstrates an excessive faith in the ability of idealism to triumph over the establishment: under Margaret Thatcher, it was perhaps inevitable that the Docklands redevelopment should be a monument to unrestrained big business rather than the environment.

Unfortunately, he was not to see the 1980s and the rise of the Green movement as an effective force. A week before the last episode of **Mind Over Matter** was transmitted, he died, leaving a widow and four children, among them Carol Topolski, one of the part-time film assessors let go by the British Board of Film Classification after they challenged the strict attitudes of its chairman.

It's difficult to know what Kit Pedler might have contributed had he lived. Throughout his life he'd grasped new philosophies and moved on from them once he'd explored their limits, adding them to his view of the world: all that's certain is that 'orthodox environmentalism' would have failed to satisfy him, and that he wouldn't have taken onboard the semi-religious aspects some attach to the Gaia theory (and which have led James Lovelock to suggest that name should be abandoned). His current interest would have been as far-sighted, heretical and pioneering as its predecessors, and for that reason he remains irreplaceable, and his unthought ideas are sorely missed.

In an obituary, his fellows in the British Microscopical Society commented that he was 'true physician, one who held the well being of mankind at heart'. It was a tribute the Doctor himself might have envied.

Dr Christopher Magnus Howard Pedler (1927-81)

Educated Ipswich School.

Attended Kings College, London, and Westminster Medical School, winning prizes in surgery, medicine, public health and pathology, and entrance scholarships in anatomy and physiology. Qualified as doctor (MBBS, London) in 1953. Later awarded MC Pathology, and a Ph.D. for research into retrolental fibroplasia.

Published 38 research papers, and patents on computer models of nerve cells.

Senior lecturer in pathology and Head of Department at the University of London until 1971.

Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society from May 1960. Councillor from January 1961, serving on the Library Committee (1961-63), the Journal Cover Revision Committee (1961), as Convenor of the Biological Committee (1961-64), Convenor of the Education Committee (1962-64) and Honorary Secretary (1964-68) before resigning in January 1973.

Visiting Professor of computer science at the University of Manitoba, Canada, from 1968.

TV Fiction:
Doctor Who:
The War Machines (Concept)
The Tenth Planet (With Gerry Davis)
The Moonbase (Author)
The Tomb of the Cybermen (With Gerry Davis)
The Wheel in Space (Idea, scripted by David Whitaker)
The Invasion (Idea, scripted by Derrick Sherwin)
Doomwatch:
The Plastic Eaters (With Gerry Davis)
Check and Mate (Storyline, scripted by Hugh Forbes, and then as Project Sahara by Gerry Davis rewriting version by NJ Crisp)
The Pacifiers (Unused storyline, scripted by Jan Read)
The Battery People (Storyline, scripted by Elwyn Jones)
The Devil's Sweets (Storyline, scripted by Don Shaw)
The Red Sky (With Gerry Davis)
The Logicians (Storyline, scripted by Dennis Spooner)
Rattus Sapiens? (Storyline, scripted by Terence Dudley)
Friday's Child (Storyline, scripted by Harry Green)
Survival Code (With Gerry Davis)
Train and DeTrain (Storyline, scripted by Don Shaw)
Spectre at the Feast (Storyline, scripted by Terence Dudley)
A Condition of the Mind (Unused storyline, scripted by John Wiles)
Darwin's Killers (Unused storyline, scripted by Dennis Spooner)

Film:
Doomwatch (With Gerry Davis, screenplay by Clive Exton)
The Dynostar Menace (Unused screenplay from novel)
A Wild Talent (Documentary screenplay on dowsing)

Novels:
Mutant 59: The Plastic Eaters (Souvenir Press)
Brainrack (Souvenir Press)
The Dynostar Menace (Souvenir Press)
Casualty (Unpublished novel)
A Mirror for Your Vanity (Unpublished novel)

Radio Plays:
Trial by Logic
Sunday Lunch

Short Stories:
Image in Capsule
The Long Term Residents
Terence and the Unholy Priest
White Caucasian Male
Old Lady Passing
The Racing Driver and the House
Dr Franken and the Biomin

Books:
The Quest for Gaia
Mind Over Matter

Earth Organism

TV Documentaries:
Open University: The Retina (Wrote and presented course)
Choices for Tomorrow: Tools for Living (Presenter, documentary on self-sufficiency, BBC1: 12/5/75)
Man Alive: The Waste Remains and Kills (Discussion on nuclear waste, BBC2: 15/5/75)
Energy (BBC)
Artificial Intelligence (ITV)
Alternative Technology (ITV)
Computers and Cybernetics (BBC)
Mind Over Matter (ITV, series on the paranormal)

Radio Documentaries:
Myths Ancient and Modern
The Mind
Green and Pleasant Land
Quantum Wonderland
Genetic Codes

Appearances on Today, Nationwide, How?, Teabreak and Late Night Line-Up

A CITIZEN OF THE UNIVERSE (And Known to It All!)

Anthony Brown meanders round a season in which the Doctor's travels once again had a purpose

SEASONS Eighteen and Nineteen see **Doctor Who** returning, perhaps for the last time, to its roots. It may be better to travel than to arrive, but travel without purpose is somehow less than meaningful: there has to be the threat or promise of an end to the journey. Now, there's once again a reason to the TARDIS's travels, as the Doctor attempts to reach Gallifrey and later to take Tegan home, and each serial leads into each other to a greater or lesser degree in a way unseen since the late 1960s. Between THE LEISURE HIVE and TIME-FLIGHT only STATE OF DECAY and WARRIORS' GATE (and perhaps BLACK ORCHID to EARTHSHOCK) offer a gap into which *Missing Adventures* could really be squeezed. While Adric was onscreen for more than eighteen months, he only outlived his brother by little more than three weeks.

It's possible to work this out as, unusually, the stories of this period keep track of time. Darkness is seen to fall and the TARDIS crew catch a night's sleep on many occasions: THE KEEPER OF TRAKEN stretches across four days, LOGOPOLIS, CASTROVALVA and KINDA two each (actually, there's a nightfall missing at some point in KINDA if Nyssa really was asleep for 48 hours; either that or Deva Loka has very long days). It's been a long time since the TARDIS was crewed by people who ate (too much, in the case of Adric), drank and slept, but it brings a certain reality to the crew. Steven Moffatt discusses the new dimensions Peter Davison brought to the Doctor on page two, but it's worth commenting on his crewmates.

Adric, by now has become the rebel without a role. Created to form a weak link aboard the TARDIS, he remains that even though the Doctor's diffidence, Nyssa's naivety and Tegan's headstrong arrogance were more than enough to fulfil that need. LOGOPOLIS shows him maturing slightly into a potential leader, while the novel of FOUR TO DOOMSDAY suggests a potentially more interesting approach — that he might have seen his seniority aboard the TARDIS as placing him in a position of authority, without considering how Nyssa, Tegan or even the younger gentler Doctor might feel. Instead he becomes more and more gullible before moving over to the sidelines as he waits for his final hour.

Nyssa shows clearly the uncertainty over her character's future, lacking a role in stories intended for two companions and developed round Adric and Tegan right up until the season's end. Peter Davison may have liked the character (though ironically because her quiet nature complemented his Doctor without threatening him) and she undoubtedly had the most potential of them all, but without a long-term commitment to develop her from the script-editor and production team as a whole she had little chance of making a deeper impression, despite Sarah Sutton's strong performances once given the material in CASTROVALVA and THE VISITATION (not to mention the final scene of EARTHSHOCK, where a clean sheet gives all three surviving regulars a chance to demonstrate how well they understand their characters) — and the **Missing Adventures** seem unlikely to help while they assume TIME-FLIGHT-ARC OF INFINITY gap which sees her as sole companion to be as short as any other. Discussing the *Campion* novels with computer journalist and aspiring **Who**-author Will Gallagher recently I realised why Sarah Sutton always came to mind when explaining how Lysette Anthony somehow failed to 'get' Campion's wife-to-be Amanda Fitton in the BBCtv adaptations: Amanda is the model **Doctor Who** should have followed when developing Nyssa. Both are dispossessed aristocrats, both have a fascination for science and technology, but Amanda retains a sense of humour and zest for life which Nyssa all too-often lacks.

That leaves Tegan, an instant success but perhaps a self-destructive one, as her character never develops depth beyond the angry over-reaction. Janet Fielding's performance is strong and justly won her acclaim at the time, but her success encouraged writers to rely on the easy quip and the quick put-down without thinking Tegan through still further, and she comes nowhere near to matching the complexity of her more memorable predecessors as a result. Its difficult to equate the Umberto Eco-reading feminist-by-education of the *Missing Adventures* with the ignorant-and-proud-of-it character seen onscreen, except in the force of their reactions.

Season 19 is the most geo-centric since the UNIT days: with the exception of KINDA every story begins on Earth, even FOUR TO DOOMSDAY being set on a spacecraft en route to the planet. It's understandable that Nyssa groans at the mention of its name in EARTHSHOCK — she's never got the chance to look round anywhere else. But then the First Season's historical stories were every bit as exotic as the science fiction ones, and Season Nineteen's locales are just as varied, with very few quarries in sight. Castrovalva and Deva Loka present rival versions of natural paradise — pleasant and unthreatening against tropical and wild — and Earth (England?)'s development is traced from prehistory through pre-industrial (but already tainted) peasantry and rural high society to the present day and a future wasteland. All that's lacking perhaps is an alien future, but there's a couple of spaceships to fill the gap.

CASTROVALVA, as I suggested in **IN•VISION 55**, is probably the best launch any Doctor has ever received — a gem of a story which never ceases to reveal new facets. There's little I can add to what I said back then, except to settle back and enjoy a hardy perennial once again.

FOUR TO DOOMSDAY was arguably the necessary sacrifice if the rest of the season was to succeed. After seven years in which Tom Baker had dominated the series, it was hardly likely that Peter Davison would just step in, his performance worked out to a tee and the series adjusted to a less scene-stealing leading man, and pull it off from day one — particularly considering how every other Doctor from Troughton to McCoy has adjusted their performance after their initial appearance. Never

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likely to be the greatest of stories, FOUR TO DOOMSDAY is nevertheless one of the weaker realisations the story might have had all things being equal — a season earlier (or later) a regular cast more secure in their roles might have sparked against its charismatic villains to such an extent that its weaknesses were camouflaged.

With KINDA **Doctor Who**'s envelope is stretched, unfortunately for the last time in many years. Peter Grimwade's direction is perhaps unsympathetic (though technically it's perfect, and he coaxes superb performances from his cast), accentuating the very feeling he was concerned about, that a **Wednesday Play** was being put out as **Doctor Who**, in a way SNAKEDANCE later avoids, but as events have show, it's the stories which broke the mould that retain their fascination.

ACCLAIMED at the time and almost forgotten until the video release, THE VISITATION strikes the other side of a careful balance, as the most demanding of stories is followed by an undemanding but immensely enjoyable romp. Peter Moffatt once again excels at period atmosphere, a forte which he was unable to indulge on the science fiction blockbusters to which he was appointed in later seasons. BLACK ORCHID provides much the same and could almost have been too much of a good thing, but as a pure historical it's more than sufficient contrast. All that's missing perhaps is an orchestral or piano score; that, and a similar story in future seasons.

Not a complaint which could be directed at EARTHSHOCK; in fact the problem is quite the reverse, as its successes seemed to decree that the highlight of each year should be 'another EARTHSHOCK', unbalancing the perfect mix of dishes presented in 1982. It's impact and effectiveness was unique to its time, and that it could still shock three months after **Blake's 7** were massacred shows how **Doctor Who** retained a special hold on the public imagination. What a pity they couldn't have got a *Radio Times* cover for parts three and four…

TIMEFLIGHT's problems were discussed in detail in **IN•VISION 61**, and there seems little to add, except to note how curious John Nathan-Turner's explanation for not ending the season on the highpoint of EARTHSHOCK seems through the cruel gaze of twenty-twenty hindsight — though it's more understandable once the budget crisis which almost derailed LOGOPOLIS and the strike-based weak endings which afflicted Seasons Seventeen and Twenty are remembered.

By the end of the season however this return to the past has reached its end. Tegan has been returned home, ironically some time after she lost the desire to do so. Just as Tegan's love of the journey deprives the TARDIS's travels of a purpose, so the series seems to lose direction over the course of Season Nineteen. The happy accident by which Christopher Bidmead's last minute scripting of LOGOPOLIS allowed it to pull together elements from throughout the previous season into a satisfying climax was unrepeatable, but other developments which were change the series did occur, almost unnoticed and just as unintentionally.

"I know that object", announces the Cyberleader, though it's difficult to see how. The TARDIS landed well outside the Tombs and didn't reach Nerva Beacon until after the destruction of the Cybership. It was invisible in THE INVASION and while the Cybermen might have noted its presence on the Moon, at Antarctica, or aboard the Silver Carrier they had no reason to connect it to the Doctor. In THE INVASION they're sufficiently worried to fire on the Police Box orbiting the Moon, but later they tell Vaughan they've no knowledge of the Doctor's machine beyond its existence. But the fact remains: the Cyberleader knows of the TARDIS, and the Time Lords, and the Doctor's ability to change his appearance.

Until now, the number of races who'd heard of them could be counted on the fingers of both hands: the Galactic Federation of CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS, the Usurians, the Zolpha Thurans, the Sontarans and their Vardan allies, and a handful of species who'd allied themselves with the Master. It's debateable whether even the Daleks knew of them — they certainly knew that the Doctor could travel in time and change his appearance, but their Sixties heyday ensured that remained the limits of their knowledge. As late as FOUR TO DOOMSDAY the Urbankans have heard of Rassilon, but only as the stuff of galactic legend. The Time Lords had remained a reclusive race, reluctant to intervene and isolated from all enemies and allies.

No longer. Suddenly everyone knows the Time Lords, and the Doctor's universe has become a lot smaller — his travels are apparently limited to Mutter's Spiral, an insular, inter-dependant community which contrasts with the myriad unknown worlds of the Hartnell era. Eric Saward might have felt **Doctor Who** was a series of unconnected serials, but unintentionally he'd ensured every story from this point on would belong to one not-so-consistent continuity.

The Nineteenth Season doesn't match its predecessor — but that had been a breath of fresh air which had seen the series at the peak of its powers, exulting in the freedom of a new direction. Season Nineteen continues to follow that direction, breaking little new ground either philosophically, in its approach to plots and characters, or technologically, in the production gallery, while it contents itself with establishing the new Doctor. As the TARDIS leaves Heathrow, crewed as when the series began by two homeless refugees from devastated world, and as two years before by a pair of technologically adept alien aristocrats, it appeared the regeneration was over and the series had settled into its new style as it waited for the twentieth anniversary and the next new direction.

I•V

More About...

Castrovalva

p 7 Richard Griffiths was approached to play the Doctor before Davison. Extra details of Peter Davison's career include:
4-12-80 - 22-1-81: Brian in **Sink or Swim** season one.
6-3-81 - 10-4-81: Russell in **Holding the Fort** season one.
28-1-82 and 4-2-82: **Call My Bluff**, with Joanna Lumley.
18-7-82 - 29-8-82: Russell in **Holding the Fort** season two.
9-9-82 - 14-10-82: Brian in **Sink or Swim** season three.
10-11-80: **Blue Peter**, re: **Doctor Who**.
20-2-81: **Brian Matthew** on Radio Two, with Sandra Dickinson.
12-11-81: **Give Us a Clue**, with Jon Pertwee and Sandra Dickinson.
11-4-82: **Swap Shop Star Awards 1982**, to receive Top Man on TV award.
7-12-95 - 11-1-96: David Clare in **Change at Oglethorpe,** Radio Two.

p22 The film *Picnic at Hanging Rock* was directed by Peter Weir, not Peter Greenaway.

Four to Doomsday

p17 Fan Olympiad VI was held in 1993, not 1988.

Kinda

p18 KINDA was written by Christopher Bailey, not Christopher H Bidmead.

Black Orchid

p4 The script was of course written in 1981, not 1980.

p5 Further scenes were omitted from the final version as follows: In part one, a policeman was to have entered the Railway Station and been puzzled by the TARDIS shortly after Tanner drives the Doctor's party away.

The scenes including the 'Master' joke were in the rehearsal script, but were originally to have been shot on location.

The scene in Ann's room was originally to have opened as her maid Alice helps her into her costume. A secret panel opens, but as there are people in the room George swiftly closes it again.

In part two, the rewrite restores dialogue in the original rehearsal script, though its order is rearranged.

The phone call from Smutty Thomas (then Frobisher) is also in the rehearsal script, though it ends earlier than onscreen.

Finally, the exterior scene in which Cummins points out the policebox was originally to have been or scene at the police station.

p19 The rehearsal script shows that several of the production team changed prior to production. Antony Root is there credited as script editor, while Glenys Davies is listed as production assistant, TM1 as John Farr, and Studio Sound is assigned to Laurie Taylor.

Season Surveys:
Doctor Who Monthly

EARTHSHOCK	4639 VOTES	24%
THE VISITATION	3277 VOTES	17%
BLACK ORCHID	2675 VOTES	14%
TIME-FLIGHT	2507 VOTES	13%
CASTROVALVA	2467 VOTES	13%
FOUR TO DOOMSDAY	2061 VOTES	10%
KINDA	1877 VOTES	9%

Appreciation Society

EARTHSHCOK	4037 POINTS	22.3%
THE VISITATION	2887 POINTS	15.9%
BLACK ORCHID	2552 POINTS	14.1%
CASTROVALVA	2467 POINTS	13.6%
TIME-FLIGHT	2287 POINTS	12.6%
KINDA	2062 POINTS	11.4%
FOUR TO DOOMSDAY	1842 POINTS	10.1%

DWB 30th Anniversary

EARTHSHOCK	83.08%	16TH
THE VISITATION	72.13%	49TH
CASTROVALVA	71.93%	50TH
KINDA	70.15%	59TH
BLACK ORCHID	69.26%	63RD
FOUR TO DOOMSDAY	49.95%	136TH
TIMEFLIGHT	41.44%	150TH

I•V

Books of the Year:

September 81	STATE OF DECAY (p/b January 82)
October 81	AN UNEARTHLY CHILD
April 82	WARRIORS' GATE
May 82	THE KEEPER OF TRAKEN
June 82	THE LEISURE HIVE
July 82	STATE OF DECAY
August 82	THE VISITATION
September 82	FULL CIRCLE
October 82	LOGOPOLIS
November 82	THE SUNMAKERS

A Novel Season

Books of the Season:

CASTROVALVA	March 83 h/b, June 83 p/b
FOUR TO DOOMSDAY	April 83 h/b, July 83 p/b
KINDA	December 83 h/b, March 84 p/b
THE VISITATION	August 82
BLACK ORCHID	Sept. 86 h/b, Dec. 86 p/b
EARTHSHOCK	May 83 h/b, August 83 p/b
TIME-FLIGHT	January 83 p/b, April 83 p/b

THE FUTURE of the **Doctor Who** book range hung in the balance as Tom Baker's Doctor met his end. Following the two novelisations delayed from 1980 (*The Creature from the Pit*, knocked back when original author David Fisher insisted on exercising his right to produce the adaptation himself, and *The Enemy of the World*, which Ian Marter took over after David Whitaker's untimely death) releases where suspended while Target renegotiated their licence with the BBC. For a while it seemed possible future seasons would be released by other publishers, but the rights eventually returned to Target, though John Nathan-Turner had been keen to inject a different style into the novelisations by encouraging the original authors of scripts to contribute to the range.

Ironically the first original author to make such a contribution was Target slatwart Terrance Dicks, whose *State of Decay* had been waiting on the shelf almost since the story's transmission, and aside from the rush-release of *An Unearthly Child* weeks before its *Five Faces* rescreening, normal service was not to be resumed until April 1982, when a pseudonymous Steve Gallagher picked off a near solid run of books from Season 18 (reviewed in **IN•VISION 54**: *Season 18 Overview*) which filled the rest of the year.

The Visitation was published in August 1982, but for most fans the literary era of the Fifth Doctor was begin until April 1983 when the paperback of *Time-Flight* was released, one month after the hardback of *Castrovalva* had appeared, in accordance with WH Allen's decision to delay the paperback editions by three months.

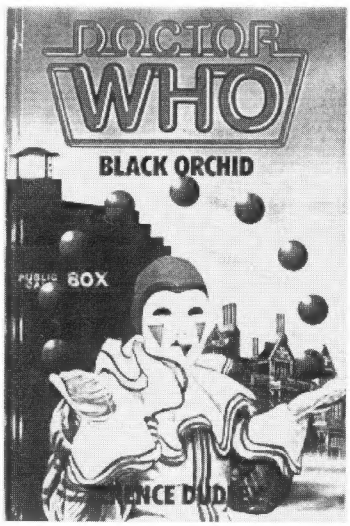
Castrovalva successfully picks up where *Logopolis* left off with a near perfect novelisation. Atmospheric to a degree that the lack of Paddy Kingsland's incidental music hardly seems to matter, it expands on the ideas and allows Christopher Bidmead's knowledge of the characters to shine through, particularly the Doctor's quirky individuality ("He was about to put it down, it being volume one, and you never start to read a multi-volumed work at volume one") and Nyssa's mischievous and carefully concealed sense of humour ("a little hide-and-seek smile"). Sprinkled in amongst all this are a wealth of amusing throw-aways, from the opening tribute to the Barbican Centre ("where a working model of the disorienteering experiments provided valuable practical experience") to the Doctor's observations on books. It's to be hoped that the weight of paper devoted to **Doctor Who** hasn't shaken theDoctor/Bidmead's "healthy respect for anything his fellow creatures felt was worth committing to print".

Four to Doomsday, by contrast, is very much a traditional novelisation. If the transmitted story is memorable principally for the performances of its three villains, the book does little to stress any forgotten strengths. Some stress is laid on the failure of the Doctor's abortive attempts at humour, and the novelisation omits the near-improvised 'cliff-hanger' ending into *Kinda*, but otherwise it provides a faithful, no-frills transcript.

If *Four to Doomsday* proves no better than might have been expected, *Kinda* is an immense disappointment. A story which had the potential to produce a genuinely literary novel in the right hands is given the 'He said - she said' treatment and ends up as perhaps the worst book in the entire range. Particularly irritating is the decision that Nerys Hughes' character should be referred to at all times as "Doctor Todd", a practice which becomes very irritating during the scenes she spends alone with the Doctor!

Curiously, whereas *Four to Doomsday* faithfully preserves the structure of scenes where Monarch commented on the events he was watching through the monopticons, *Kinda* merges several of the scenes in the dark places of the inside, ignoring on occasion the problems this causes when Tegan and Dukkha refer to offscreen conversations.

Eric Saward was reportedly disappointed by his efforts on *The Visitation* novelisation, a feeling which influenced his decision to leave EARTHSHOCK to other hands, and the distinctively humorous style he later applied to SLIPBACK and THE TWIN DILEMMA, but it's difficult to see why. The transmitted script is supported by a highly-readable narrative, including an excellent first chapter. Aside from an unexpectedly imaginative description of



the Terileptil pod's arrival from the point of view of a passing fox which helps emphasise how close the human society of the time remained to the pre-technological natural world, it also establishes the Squire's family with a depth that makes their early deaths doubly irritating.

The last story of the season to be novelised, *Black Orchid* benefits from the wait. By 1986 Target's range had become more adventurous, and the short length of a two-part story had become an opportunity for the writer, not an obstacle to publication. Scenes are expanded all round, and enough oddments of the Cranleigh family's history are mentioned in passing to establish their place in the British establishment far better than the TV production could hope to achieve. The mores of the English upper classes also provide a lot of light relief, in the form of Nyssa and Adric's bemused reactions to a society apparently dominated by sports, inappropriate nick-names and birds, not to mention the perhaps unintentional in-joke that Nyssa is ignorant of *Alice Through the Looking Glass*. While there's nothing to match the farcical history of the Argolin in David Fisher's adaptation of THE LEISURE HIVE, it's all a lot of fun.

Earthshock illustrates that matching the story to the author is as crucial as choosing a sympathetic director. Onscreen EARTHSHOCK was action-packed and exciting, skating over any cracks in its plot through sheer verve. Ian Marter's novelisation is, like his other work, dark, shadowy, slowly suspenseful and on occasion brutal. As a result, the final product clashes uncomfortably with memories of the transmitted story: it's rather like reading the Edgar Allen Poe novelisation of a Bond movie — an interesting experience, but not necessarily a satisfying one.

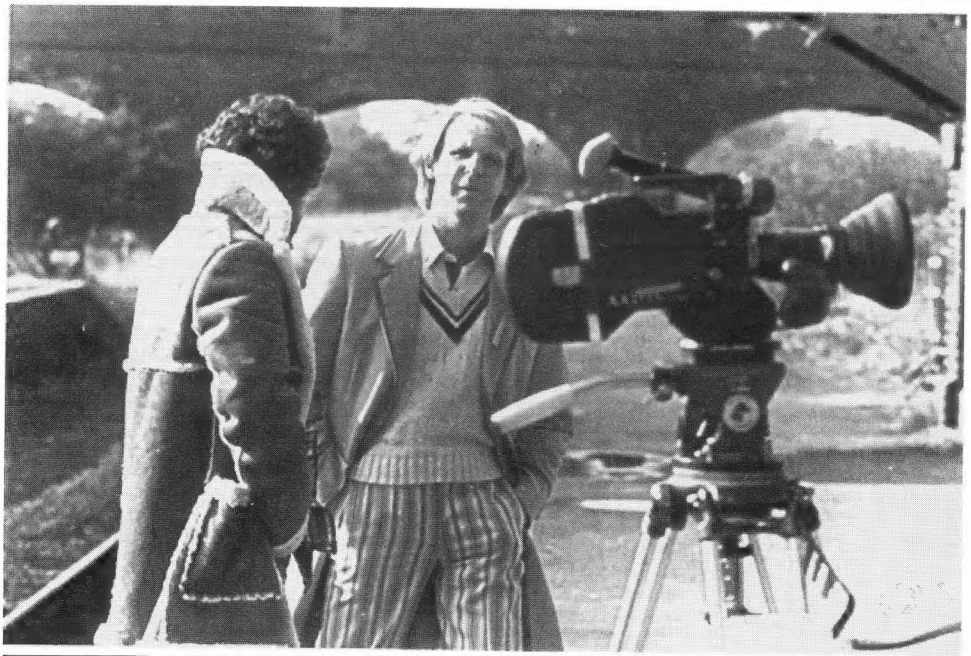
Much of the dialogue is changed (though this may reflect early versions of the script), and rarely to good effect, as lines become ineffectively pedantic or overstated, and memorable exchanges such as the Doctor's argument with the Cyberleader are ruined. On the other hand, the infamous line about alien computers making time travel possible is replaced by a simple comment of "Don't you believe it" from Adric. The internal decay of the Cybermen is signalled through a description of their disgusting rhythmic 'breathing' (a trait they share with Styre in Marter's version of THE SONTARAN EXPERIMENT) and rather effectively, there's no great moment of revelation on their first appearance. In their first couple of scenes they're simply referred to as the Leader and Deputy, with the Cyber-prefix appearing only once the reader's had the chance to take in the description of their appearance. Similarly understated is the moment of Adric's death, which is underlined only by a moment of irony as the shockwave from the freighter's explosion frees the TARDIS' jammed controls, too late to save him. It's one of a number of stylish touches where Marter's writing avoids the obvious, but other stories might have benefited more from his approach: perhaps FOUR TO DOOMSDAY, where an ARK IN SPACE-inspired sense of gloom coupled with a body-horror angle on the resurrection-as-android could have contributed much.

Peter Grimwade's adaptation of TIME-FLIGHT is straight-forward, but works well enough, and the result is far more effective than the televised version. The thinking behind many of the story's unexplained points is made clear, and a number of effective throw-away lines ("that air of confidence Nyssa and Tegan had learnt to distrust") make up for any lack of depth in the writing.

To an extent, Season 19's novelisations see the series marking time, as original author novellas in the style established the previous year continue to mix with the basic transcripts of the late Seventies. But the first steps towards full-scale WHO novels had begun.

Diane McGinn

NAME	PUBLISHER		PRICE	CATEGORY
Doctor Who Quiz Book, The (Nigel Robinson)	W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd. (Target)	1981	£1.25 p/b	Activity Books
Doctor Who: Adventures in Time and Space	World International Publishing Ltd.	1981	£2.25 h/b	Annuals
Doctor Who Annual	World International Publishing Ltd.	1981	£2.25 h/b	Annuals
Cotton Scarf	Aristocrat Textiles Ltd.	1981		Clothing
Tree Hangings	Goodies	1981	7p each	Confectionery
Doctor Who Programme Guide Vols 1 & 2, The (Jean Marc L'Officier)	W. H. Allen& Co. Ltd.	1981	£4.50 h/b £1.25 p/b	Factual Books
Doctor Who: A Marvel Winter Special	Marvel Comics	1981	45p	Magazines
Very Best of Doctor Who, The (Marvel Summer Special)	Marvel Comics	1981	45p	Magazines
State of Decay Talking Book (1 Cassette) (PTB 607)	Pickwick International	1981	£2.25	Recordings
Talking Book	RNIB	1981		Recordings
Sci-Fi Sound Effects (REC 470 LP, ZCM 470 Cass)	BBC Records	1981	£2.99	Records
Doctor Who Balloons	BBC Enterprises	1981		Sundries
Fifth Doctor Postcard (From The Visitation) (two diff)	Larkfield Printing Co. Ltd.	1981	15p	Sundries
Doctor Who Viewmaster: Full Circle	GAF Corporation	1981	£1.95	Toys
Doctor Who Crossword Book (Nigel Robinson)	W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd. (Target)	1982	£1.25 p/b	Activity Books
Doctor Who Quiz Book of Dinosaurs (Michael Holt)	Methuen Children Books (Magnet)	1982	95p p/b	Activity Books
Doctor Who Quiz Book of Science (Michael Holt)	Methuen Children Books (Magnet)	1982	95p p/b	Activity Books
Doctor Who Annual	World International Publishing Ltd.	1982	£2.50 h/b	Annuals
K-9 Annual 1983	World International Publishing Ltd.	1982	£2.50 h/b	Annuals
The How, Why and Where of Doctor Who Badge	Andre Deutsch Ltd.	1982	free	Badges
First Doctor Who Gift Set (Invisible Enemy/Unearthly Child/Death to the Daleks/Planet of the Daleks)	W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd. (Target)	1982	£5.25 p/b	Books
Second Doctor Who Gift Set (Warriors Gate/ Leisure Hive/Full Circle/ The Visitation)	W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd. (Target)	1982	£5.25 p/b	Books
Sweat Shirt: Cyberman	Image Screencraft	1982	£5.95/£7.95	Clothing
Sweat Shirt: Doctor Who (Pocket Phosphor on Navy)	Image Screencraft	1982	£5.95/£7.95	Clothing
Tee Shirt: Cyberman (Green & Black on White)	Image Screencraft	1982	£3.25/£3.95	Clothing
Tee Shirt: Doctor Who (Red & Yellow on White or Phosphor on Navy)	Image Screencraft	1982	£3.25/£3.95	Clothing
Chocolate Candy Shapes	Goodies	1982	4p each	Confectionery
Favourites Bars (Orange/Apple/Raspberry)	Famous Names	1982	3p each	Confectionery
TARDIS Easter Egg	Tobler Suchard Ltd.	1982		Confectionery
Doctor Who: The Making of a Television Series (Alan Road)	Andre Deutsch Ltd.	1982	£4.95 h/b	Factual Books
Jigsaws (Series 051: Doctor/Daleks, Doctor/Master, Doctor/Cybermen and Doctor/TARDIS)	Waddingtons	1982	£1.50	Jigsaws
Doctor Who Summer Special	Marvel Comics	1982	55p	Magazines
Doctor Who Winter Special	Marvel Comics	1982	60p	Magazines
Cinderella Pantomime Programme	Lovett Bickford Ltd.	1982	75p	Miscellaneous
Peter Davison: Book of Alien Monsters	Arrow Books Ltd. (Sparrow)	1982	95p p/b	Miscellaneous
Peter Davison: Book of Alien Planet	Arrow Books Ltd. (Sparrow)	1982	95p p/b	Miscellaneous
Tom Baker and K-9 Poster	Madame Tussauds	1982	£1.99	Posters
Doctor Who Theme by Peter Howell (RESL 80) P.Davison sleeve	BBC Records	1982	£1.30	Records
Dr. Who is Gonna Fix It by Bullamakanka (RESL 132)	BBC Records	1982		Records
K-9 and Co. Theme by Fiachra Trench and Ian Levine (SGR 117)	Solid Gold Records Ltd.	1982	£1.15	
Doctor Who Rules the Universe ruler	BBC Enterprises	1982	£1.25	Stationery
TARDIS 3D Pencil Case	Hummingbird Productions Ltd.	1982	£1.75	Stationery
TARDIS 3D Pencil Case	Interwainer Handbag Co.	1982	£2.99	Stationery
Doctor Who Exhibition/TARDIS Key Ring	BBC Enterprises	1982		Sundries
K-9 Postcard (from The Horns of Nimon)	Larkfield Printing Co. Ltd.	1982	15p	Sundries
Nyssa Postcard (Publicity shot: Terminus costume)	Larkfield Printing Co. Ltd.	1982	15p	Sundries
The Master Postcard (Publicity shot)	Larkfield Printing Co. Ltd.	1982	15p	Sundries
Turlough Postcard (From Mawdryn Undead)	Larkfield Printing Co Ltd.	1982	15p	Sundries
Wall Tiles	Pictiles	1982	£18 for 9	Sundries
Wallpaper	Coloroll	1982	£2.50/roll	Sundries
Doctor Who Viewmaster Gift Set	GAF Corporation	1982		Toys
TARDIS Tent	D. Dekker Ltd.	1982	£15.99	Toys
TARDIS Tin: The Fifth Doctor	Avon Tin	1982	£1.75	Toys
4th Doctor and Dalek Baseball Jersey (royal blue, red, black)	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$14.00	USA Clothing
4th Doctor and Daleks ladies Tee-Shirt (light blue, tan, yellow, white)	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$12.00	USA Clothing
4th Doctor and Daleks Tee-Shirt (light blue, tan, yellow, white)	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$12.50	USA Clothing
Doctor Who Baseball Jersey: diamond logo (royal blue, red, black)	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$12.00	USA Clothing
Doctor Who Baseball Jersey: Neon Logo (royal blue, red, black)	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$12.00	USA Clothing
Doctor Who ladies Tee-Shirt (light blue, tan, yellow, white)	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$12.00	USA Clothing
Doctor Who Tee-Shirt (light blue, tan, yellow, white)	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$12.00	USA Clothing
K-9 Tee-Shirt (light blue, tan, yellow, white)	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$12.50	USA Clothing
Neon logo ladies Tee-Shirt (light blue, tan, yellow, white)	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$10.00	USA Clothing
Neon logo Tee-Shirt (light blue, tan, yellow, white)	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$10.00	USA Clothing
Doctor Who Collectors Edition (Genesis LP, Sound FX LP, Theme Single, poster and 7 photos) (BBC-2LP-22001)	BBC Records and Tapes	1982		USA Records
Doctor Who is Gonna Fix It by Bullamakanka (BBC 454)	BBC Records/Gemcon	1982		USA Records
Doctor Who Sound Effects	BBC Records/Gemcon	1982		USA Records
Doctor Who Theme by Peter Howell (BBC 451)	BBC Records /Gemcon	1982		USA Records
Doctor Who: Genesis of the Daleks (BBC 22364)	BBC Records /Gemcon	1982		USA Records
K-9 and Co. Theme/The Leisure Hive (BBC-456)	BBC Records and Tapes	1982	£3.95 import	USA Records
Who Is The Doctor by Jon Pertwee/The Sea Devils (BBC-453)	BBC Records and Tapes	1982	$3.50	USA Records
Doctor Who Denim Tote Bag (Diamond logo, Neon Logo, Tom Baker & Daleks, K•9)	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$11.00	USA Sundries
Glow in the Dark Key-Fob diamond logo	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$1.50	USA Sundries
Glow in the Dark Key-Fob neon logo	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$1.50	USA Sundries
Yo-Yo	Nightstar Corp.	1982	$4.50	USA Sundries
Video: Daleks Invasion Earth 2150 A.D.	Thorn EMI	1982	£39.95	ß, VHS Video
Video: Dr. Who and the Daleks	Thorn EMI	1982	£39.95	ß, VHS Video



Et Tu, Dave!

Pseuds Corner

A source is only as good as its provenance. Postmodern writers are constantly pained and inspired by the anxieties and uncertainties of influence: fears of misquotation, pretension and plagiarism fuel the nightmares of literati as their forebears were once haunted by the charge of heresy, treachery and homosexuality. The history of the production, performance and reception of the Doctor Who story, KINDA, closely addresses this paradox of literature's indebtedness to a canon which purports to prize originality as its last best virtue.

ALEC CHARLES
In Vision (Doctor Who fanzine)

Private Eye 873, 2nd June 1995.
Submitted by David Owen.